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THE FOUNTAIN OF IMMORTALITY.

BY FREDERICK A. TUPPER.

In days of eld, man sought to find a fountain
Whose mystic wave should wash for aye away
That cumbrous mass, that crushing, gloomy mountain
Of years increasing with each weary day.

And many a youth upon the blue Ægean
His pinnace launched in search of that bright stream,
While mighty billows sounded forth a pæan,
As if in praise of such a daring dream.

Yes, many a youth, disdaining every billow,
Swept onward to the madly foaming sea,
Only in disappointment wild his grief to pillow
Amid old ocean's deep-toned melody.

I, too, have sought that fountain, and its shimmer
Hath gleamed upon me through some forest wild,
While through the darksome shades its argent glimmer
Hath shown the stream all pure and undefiled.

But ever as I near its eerie plashing,
It disappears as in a troubled dream;
While far away I hear the grander dashing
Of some more mighty, yet more earthly, stream.

Yet never leaves that fountain wild my dreaming,
Though never yet I've reached its radiant flow;
Still through my life its sheeny waves are gleaming,
While still the flying years their swift course go.

A THEOLOGICAL MEDLEY.

BY REV. L. R. DUNN, D. D.

An article appears in the recent number of the *Quarterly Review* on "Christian Perfection and the Higher Life," which presents such a mixture as to entitle it to the appellation at the head of this article. If the writer of the article has any aim at all, it is simply to show that on the great questions of Christian holiness, perfection, or entire sanctification, the Christian Church has no clear and well-defined knowledge or belief. And the teaching of the article to all plain readers is, that although God commands men to be holy, to be perfect, to be sanctified wholly, nobody yet has ever known just what He means by these commands, unless it be the writer himself. Consequently, in the article referred to, Wesley is arrayed against Wesley, Boardman against Boardman, Atwater against Wesley, Franklin and Huntington against Wesley, See against McDonald, and McDonald against See. A burlesque this upon a theological symposium!

And not only so. In the New York *Advocate* of this week, the restless writer has an article, giving quotations from Dr. W. B. Pope, in which he attempts to show that he neither agrees with himself, Mr. Wesley, nor with those "who claim to be distinctively Wesleyan in their views." Amid such a medley, what are we to do? For many years I have been so accustomed to think the Wesleyan theology to be clear, and in perfect harmony with the Word of God upon this question, that I am astonished and somewhat alarmed at such a differentiation in the views of men professing to be Wesleyan in their theology. It is not at all surprising that men who have been trained in the Calvinistic theology, when they look at this question from their stand-point, should differ in some non-essential, or even important, particulars. But that men trained in the Methodist Church, versed in Wesleyan theology, singing Methodist hymns, reading the biographies of eminent Methodist saints, should fail to grasp the great central idea of all that theology, is simply marvelous. It does occur to me that any one who reads these books of theology and biography, and sings the hymns in the department of sanctification, will not, *cannot*, fail to see the following truths which are in harmony with the Word of God, and in agreement with the experience of all true believers: That justification is an act perfect and complete, by which *all* our sins are forgiven, and we are dealt with as relatively righteous in the sight of God. That regeneration is the impartation of a new, divine life in the soul and a new, divine strength by which it is enabled to live unto God, and to keep His commandments acceptably; and, also, that in this work there is the implantation, in embryo, of all the graces of the Holy Spirit, who accomplishes this work within us. That, nevertheless, there are still within the soul what are called "remains of sin," of "the carnal mind," "roots of bitterness," depraved tendencies, which are only controlled, subdued, or held in check by the power of divine grace assisting and preventing us; and that from these remains of sin we may be instantaneously delivered by the blood of Christ and the power of the Holy Ghost. All but the last of these is in entire accord with every evangelical creed in Christendom, and with the theological convictions of millions. Not only so. They are in accordance with the experience in consciousness of every child of God. I know Mr. Wesley admitted the possibility of exceptions to this experience of indwelling sin in believers; but at the same time said that he never knew any such exceptions, and I have never met any one who knew of any. Admitting, therefore, that there may possibly be exceptions, they must be very few, or else we should have heard more about them.

But on the last point a divergence in views exists among Christians. Our Calvinistic brethren most clearly subscribe to the dogma of remaining sin in the regenerate, but do not believe it can be removed before death; the Wesleyans, who firmly believe in the same dogma, but who believe that this remaining sin, or corruption, may be instantaneously removed by the blood of Christ and by the transforming and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost; and others — what shall I call them? Hodgsonians? No, for although Dr. Hodgson held this view I shall refer to, in the early part of his ministry, and advocated it with all the power of his vigorous intellect and pen, yet he abandoned it as utterly untenable in his maturer manhood, and not only became a firm believer in Wesleyan theology upon this point, but he experienced this grace of full salvation, and bore his joyful testimony to the fact of having experienced it, instantaneously, by faith. Perhaps it will be well, and it may be flattering to the *Review* writer — who is my personal friend — to call them *Craneites*. Well, he and others, more or less, think that when the soul is regenerated, it is perfectly holy; no sin, no taint of depravity, no blot of defilement or stain of corruption remains upon it or within it; and all that the believer has to do is to simply vegetate, or grow in grace.

Now, far be it from me to contend against this theory. I am so busy that I have no time to waste in such directions. The theory simply refutes itself, and any attempt at refutation would be simply ridiculous. A theory which not only antagonizes Wesleyanism or Arminianism, but also Calvinism, Lutheranism, and every other formula of Christian doctrine in the world; which comes into direct opposition to, and is contradicted by, the experience of at least nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine of every million Christians, does not need, certainly, the labor required in a "refutation."

But what we now object to is, that while the learned writer of the *Review* is, evidently — I was going to say, obfuscated, but I will choose the more classical word — obnubilated, on this point himself, he ought not to use the press of the *Methodist* Church, which from the *Quarterly Review** to the *Advocate* seems to be open for this purpose, to obnubilate the minds of others. Now, if I am to have my choice as between Craneism and the creeds of Christendom, with all my regard for the writer in the *Review*, I should choose the general teaching of the latter. And if I must choose between what Dr. Crane teaches and what Mr. Wesley teaches, all I can say is, that the humble writer of this article prefers Mr. Wesley. Of course Dr. C. will not blame me for this; for high as my regard is for him personally, and high as the estimate is which I place upon his intellectual ability and his Christian character, yet I am so accustomed to regard Mr. Wesley with filial reverence, and as the great founder of Methodism, that I really do prefer to follow his teachings.

With a simple criticism upon two points of the article in the *Review*, I close this article for the HERALD. It is simply an example of the method of the Doctor's teachings. He says: "How any Christian, on the strength of a solemn declaration of his good intentions, is authorized, just then and there, to assume the accomplishment of a great and exceptional work of grace in his heart, we confess that we do not see." I do not wonder at it. I confess I do not see it. I don't believe any one ever did; and I am very sure that no one was ever unwise enough to teach such nonsense as this. Again: "It seems to us that to teach that *any convert of yesterday may at any moment* attain the highest grade of Christian experience, *if he will only believe that he has it*, is to offer a premium for the largest self-conceit, and prepare the way for endless self-deception." The italics are my own. Now, if this is not standing up a man of straw for the fun of knocking him down again, then I never saw that freak attempted. No one ever thought of such a thing as "the convert of yesterday attaining the highest grade of experience, *if he will only believe that he has it*." No one ever was so obtuse as to "offer such a premium." But in this, as in some other things, the writer in the *Review* is accustomed to see "men as trees walking."

* I am very thankful that the editor of the *Quarterly* holds the author of the article responsible for his specialties of opinions.

Leaving, now, this article, I would say that, in my humble judgment, it is high time that our pulpits and our press uttered no uncertain sound on this great question. The times will admit of no toning down of our blessed Wesleyan theology; and in order to get clear of the forcefulness of that theology on this point, we should have to obliterate nearly everything distinctive in that system, blot out a large number of the hymns in our old book and our new one, and utterly ignore the experience of the holiest, wisest, and best men and women in the history of the Church. God forbid, that the idea of attaining the experience of the cleansing of the blood of Christ from all sin, and the complete sanctification of our nature by the power of the Holy Ghost, through faith, should ever be minified or ignored in our Methodism! But may it shine out with increasing brightness until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

BY PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON, D. D.

What is the meaning of the prominence given in these days to the discussion of the doctrine of future punishment? Where lies the deepest reason for the unusual amount of current literature and common talk on this theme? What is the real origin of the many contemptuous, not to say blasphemous, allusions to the subject in the secular press, in legal pleadings, in popular assemblies, and in social circles? Is there an honest and extensive breaking up of the old opinions that have been supposed for ages to rest on impregnable Scriptural foundations? Is there a sudden awakening to their absurdity and impossibility, or have the wisdom and convictions of men finally culminated in the calm rejection of the doctrine of future punishment as one of the superstitions of the world's juvenile period? Or, on the other hand, are these discussions a spasmodic revival of the everlasting hostility of guilt against deserved retribution, or the result of a superficial estimate of the divine government begotten by scientific questionings, by unwonted worldliness, by the smooth prophesyings of ministers, and by the nominalism of modern Christianity? If it is true, as is claimed, that there exists a wide-spread protest in the secret heart and mind of both clergy and laity against the received creeds as to the final destiny of the wicked, is it born of a more careful search for the truth and a new development of evidence, or of a substitution of sentiment for truth, human reasoning for the divine Word, and the pride and rebellion of man for the sovereign utterances of God?

Certainly the teachings of the Scriptures are what they have always been. Their language, at least, is unchanged, and unless the keener scrutiny of modern exegetes, or the accumulated wisdom of the ages, discovers hitherto hidden and radically different truths under the same forms of expression, the Bible must be considered as teaching the doctrine of future, eternal punishment. This, moreover, is an essential factor in the theological system that has obtained in the Christian Church, so that any serious weakening of this factor topples the whole structure in ruins. To revolutionize or destroy the orthodox doctrine of punishment is also to revolutionize or destroy the orthodox creed concerning the whole plan of salvation.

But has this keener scrutiny into the meaning of the Bible been given? Is it actual investigation, in quality or in the aggregate, that has shaken or modified the interpretation that has universally prevailed in all the history of Christianity? Is there any wide-spread weakening of the belief in future punishment, arising from a general examination of the Word of God, and based on a conviction from such examination that the hitherto-received testimony of the Bible is wrong? Have the multitudes for themselves, or has the pulpit for them, engaged in a careful and prayerful inquiry whether these things are so, and arrived at an intelligent conclusion that the Church of the ages has been laboring under a terrible mistake? Such has not been the fact. Partisan attempts there have been to wrest the Scriptures to a different teaching, just as there have been to deny the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Book. But such attempts are no new thing, are limited in extent, are attempted by unbelievers in a supernatural religion, and cannot be said to have produced any considerable change of conviction as to what the Scriptures teach on this point.

All evangelical preaching assumes the doctrine of the future punishment of the wicked. It is as essential an element in the gospel scheme as the intuitions are in human reasoning. Conversion, regeneration, salvation, heaven, are unmeaning words in its terminology unless punishment, too, means something. It is in part because the Bible so plainly teaches this that the pulpit so seldom formally dwells on the darker phases of retribution. The brighter phases are more agreeable, and ministers are too content to urge the call to life, and leave the threat of death in abeyance. Whatever increase of questioning there may be in the popular mind as to the doom of the wicked, is not due, therefore, to the increased discussion of it, either through the new light given thus, or any reaction against it. Nor is the amount of private study and individual research materially larger than in former times. If there be questioning and protest, it is due far more to the lack of discussion and prayerful search for the truth, and to the consequent strengthening of the heart in the disbelief of what it does not like to believe.

The denial of the doctrine of eternal punishment is born in the heart of man and not in the Word of God. The seed of unwillingness to be punished germinates, flowers, and exhibits its fruits in the various degrees of self-persuasion that what the heart does not want to be true is not true. The heart condones, palliates, excuses its own sin. It resists penal authority until it persuades itself that all punishment is unjust. It has no adequate conception of the divine estimate of sin, and, therefore, none of the divine demand of justice. It gilds its disobedience with the fool's gold of advantage, its rebellion with the plea of larger liberty, its acts of revolution with a bolder claim of rights, until finally it declares its independence and condescends to take God into partnership, provided He will guarantee freedom from punishment and everlasting rewards. And now it must somehow compel the Scriptures to endorse its doings, and so it pleads the goodness of God, the analogies of human sympathy, the repulsiveness and disproportion of punishment, the beauty of mercy, and ends with banishing all offensive terms from the Bible and patronizingly regarding it as a very good book when rightly understood.

But if the doctrine of future punishment be not true, its denial ought to begin with the Word of God. It is primarily, essentially, and simply, a question of what the Scriptures teach. It does not involve their authenticity or their inspiration, but only their interpretation. If any cause, or causes, any new developments in the world's progress have thrown serious doubts upon it, an authoritative re-assertion of it from the law and the testimony is demanded. Some of the intellectual giants, nay, some of the most spiritually-minded and holy men of our time, or both in one, should approach this question with even more care than the Bible revision committee are giving to their important work. It should be done with prayer and fasting. It should be done with a cry to God from all believers that He would interpret His own truth. It should be done with the maturest criticism and the profoundest learning of men whose sole aim is to discover the truth. If the advancing light of the centuries can shine away the doctrine as an error of antiquity, or a device of priestcraft, having no foundation in the Bible and no importance in the Christian scheme and no bearing on the welfare of man, it is high time the world should be relieved of such an incubus. If, on the contrary, new light strengthens and establishes the penal side of the gospel scheme, it is high time that the terror of the Lord should be used in persuading men to repent, and that neither pulpit nor press should shrink from positive and frequent warnings to escape from eternal woe.

On the same principle, it becomes those who have any serious doubts on this subject, to begin a more careful examination of the Scriptures for their personal satisfaction. It is so vital a matter that it ought not to be ignored or put off. It enters into all Christian experience and all Christian effort. Positive convictions on great truths are essential to a stalwart Christianity and to vigorous efforts for the salvation of men. No minister, especially, can afford to be uncertain or unsettled. If his object is to save souls, he must believe that they are lost. Unsettlement here is paralysis of effort. The most earnest and successful ministers have been those who have seen most clearly the destiny of the wicked. The wrath to come and an angry God have been to them awful realities. They have not scrupled to insist upon them in their preaching. Nothing like these, impressed upon the hearts of sinners, convinces them of the heinousness of sin, gives depth to their repentance, clearness to their sense of pardon, and stability to their conversion. With souls thus converted old things in very truth pass away and all things become new.

Is not one very important cause of the present state of this doctrine in the popular mind the silence of the pulpit in regard to it? The enemies of Christianity under various banners are concentrating their fire on this tower of the fortress. If there is no defense, it means one of three things; either the garrison regard the tower as impregnable, or they have left it to be swept away as indefensible, or they are asleep. The second of these reasons will be the one assumed by the enemy. It is already assumed. Is there not needed a revival of clear, popular conviction on the subject? Is it best to allow a half-unconscious protest against it on a slumbering guess that the doctrine may not prove true, or a faint hope that there will be some other way out by and by, to de-vitalize the piety of the Church, and smooth away the differences between it and the world? Does not the whole truth demand the proclamation of the danger side? If this be done in the spirit of the Bible, no weapon is more powerful to alarm and awaken the careless. But let no man do it in a perfunctory way. Cold denunciation from the lips of a fellow-mortal will only repel. Robert M. M'Cheyne once met a brother minister and inquired what his last Sabbath's subject had been. "The wicked shall be turned into hell," was the reply. "Were you able to preach it with tenderness?" said M'Cheyne. None but a genuine prophet can unfold the judgments of God. The warnings of God must be uttered with the tremulousness of tears. The voice of divine love must be heard amid the thunder. The heart of the preacher must be stirred as the heart of Christ was when He wept over Jerusalem.

Wesleyan University.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE SONS OF GOD.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.

It is impossible to conceive of any higher dignity in the kingdom of God than that of sonship. Quaint old Thomas Watson remarks, that "Plato gave God thanks that he had made him a man, and not only a man, but a philosopher; but it is infinitely more that He should invest us with the prerogative of sons." And when the beloved disciple reviewed the privileges of believers to find one which most conspicuously displayed the love of the Father, he selected that of adoption, exclaiming, in an ecstasy of admiration, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" "This," says Watson, "is a behold of wonder."

It is indeed a royal prerogative, a near and sweet relationship to the Highest One. He who can most nearly estimate its value and appreciate what it involves, is, must be, the happiest of men. The conception, when fully grasped, is indeed almost bewildering because of its grandeur, and entirely enrapturing because of the infinitude of love in God which it implies. Philip Doddridge gives fitting expression to the blended spirit of humbleness and joy which it begets in the believer, where he sings, —

"My Father, God! that gracious word
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the notes by angels heard
Could so delight my ear."

But it is not the dignity it confers, inexpressibly glorious though that be, which gives it its richest value. It is not a mere title of honor, an empty dignity, conveying no solid benefit. On the contrary, it is a real relationship, investing its possessor with gracious rights and inestimable privileges. "Wherefore," says Paul, "thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." And again he says, "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him that we may be also glorified together."

These citations make it clear that Paul understood sonship to involve a title to all other privileges purchased for believers by the death of our blessed Lord. To be a son, therefore, is to be entitled, as in human affairs a legal heir is to an inheritance, to all the sanctifying influences, the "fruits," of the Holy Spirit—to everything involved in heirship to God—and to the blessings of the glorified life after death. To be a "joint heir with Christ" further implies participation with Him in the glory and blessedness of His heavenly life.

The heir of an earthly sovereign, though subject during his minority to tutors and governors, to training and discipline, is nevertheless treated with a degree of consideration which recognizes his exalted relation and high destiny. His education is conducted with constant reference to his anticipated greatness. In like manner, as the Scriptures inform us, the sons of God are placed under the tuition and influence of the Holy Spirit that they may be "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light"—that they may become like their Lord, whom, in their coming glorified state, they shall see "as He is."

This connection between our sonship and the work of the Holy Spirit is most forcibly stated in the divine Word. It is to this relation that we are indebted for the presence of the Holy Spirit as the "Comforter" and "witness" to our acceptance by the Father. "Because ye are sons," says Paul, "God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." The grace of regeneration is given, according to St. John, to those who, by receiving Christ, are given "power to become the sons of God," and these are "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Subjection to the will of the Holy Spirit is another effect of sonship. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." This guidance implies that indwelling of the Spirit spoken of by Paul where he asks the Corinthian Church, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" And where the Spirit dwells, "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts." In brief, it is unquestionably the doctrine of Holy Writ that sonship carries with it a gracious right to all those operations of the Holy Spirit whereby the adopted one is made meet for his heavenly inheritance.

If these views of the privileges which inhere in sonship be Scriptural, as we think they are, how happy, how joyous, how pure, the daily life of every son and daughter of God should be! Is his body a temple inhabited by the Spirit of Holiness? What an inspiration the consciousness of this wonderful fact should be—yea, *must* be—to self-consecration, to self-respect, to self-restraint, to the subjection of the animal appetites and passions to the laws of nature and of God! Is his heart the dwelling-place of the same divine Spirit? What a source of peace, light, love, obedience, and heavenly communion that hallowed presence must be! What it *may* be, is described by our Lord in one of the sweetest passages which ever fell from His beloved lips. Here it is: "If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." The sweetness of these words is inexhaustible.

Is "a son of God" led by the Spirit? What a delightful suggestion of divine enlightenment, of constantly enlarging conceptions of duty, of safety in danger, of help to infirmities, and of promptings to devotion such guidance implies!

Is the love of God constantly shed abroad in the heart of the son of God? Blessed fact! Who can comprehend the possible measure of purity attainable by means of this incessant pouring of the oil of God's infinite love into the little lamp of our affection for Him? Love is the principle of obedience, of all the ethical and spiritual perfection attainable in this mortal life. But if the principle be so fed in the sons of God, how rapid should be their growth, how joyous their spirit, how heavenly their aspirations, how pure their affections, how holy their lives!

We fear that vast numbers of the "sons of God" do not properly appreciate the unspeakable privileges of the high and holy relation in which they stand to their Heavenly Father. If they did, they would be more hungry than many are for the outward righteousness and more thirsty for the inward purity, which belong to them as heirs of God, and which they must possess if they would finally inherit the glory which is their inheritance as joint heirs with the Lord Christ.

JAPAN.

During the discussions in the Missionary Board upon the appropriations among our foreign mission stations, Bishop Wiley, who has but just returned, made a very impressive and interesting address. He said, as reported in the *Christian Advocate:* —

"Our missions there are operated from four principal centres, and were established in 1873. We have sent one man to each of these centres, and the particular locations chosen for them have proven to be very wise, and now they are in great need of reinforcements. Every one of our brethren there are succeeding beyond our most sanguine expectations. We should send four additional men; but in view of other demands, three would be asked for. Japan, by authority of her principal officers, is being covered with public schools modeled greatly after our own. There is a perfect fever in every part of Japan for the highest forms of our civilization and education. Among a number of the promising converts there, God has awakened an intense desire to evangelize their own people. Thirty or forty educated young men of these will come to us. They must be trained and specially prepared for this evangelistic work.

"This preparation will be much more effectual if made in that country. There should be a school there particularly for this work, and $3,500 will meet its necessities at the present time. This school should rank in the grade of one of our efficient Conference seminaries, though it would not require a large building. Hirosaki has been selected as its site. It is the capital city of that province, and is an old princely settlement. An old Daimio school has been carried on there for the last hundred years. Under the law the Daimio had to leave that city, and he had always been charged with the care of the school. A young man was sent out to find a teacher for the school, and, though he was unsuccessful in this, he found the great Teacher and was converted. He was again sent out, and secured the son of Dr. Maclay, our superintendent. Under the influence of this young man in that Daimio school of about 300 students, we have now forty excellent young men and thirty young women converted to God. It was desired to introduce the study of moral philosophy in the school. 'What is moral philosophy?' said the Daimio (a heathen). 'It is the science of doing right and of doing wrong,' said our native local preacher. 'O yes,' said the Daimio, 'we must have that.' 'Well, the best book of instruction on that is the Christian's Bible,' it was said. 'O well, then,' replied the Daimio, 'we must have that;' and he went and purchased forty Bibles to teach moral philosophy in his school."

The Bishop did not know of anything like this in his reading in the history of the world. It is a nation of 35,000,000 of people breaking away at once from the history of two thousand years, and from the paganism of more than two thousand years, with the Emperor at their head, and all the leading officers following on as fast as possible. It seemed to him that the Lord was placing on America, in regard to Japan, an immeasurable responsibility. He could find nothing so descriptive of the actual condition of things there as the prophetic saying that "a nation shall be born in a day." That prophecy has there been fulfilled. It is not a question of how we can send out a missionary who might gather a little congregation here and there; but rather of how we can meet a great nation coming to us, and asking us how they can have civilization and Christianity. The Government itself is favorable to us. But a little while ago the present Mikado was opposed to Christianity. The old pagan edicts of 250 years ago were posted up, but in 1873 the policy was changed, and they were quietly torn down. While these edicts prevailed, the people were afraid to come to us.

To show the rapid change of sentiment among the officials, he told of a young lady who wanted to become a Christian. Her father was an old judge. He was asked permission for her to join the Church. "Why do you ask me?" he said, "for under our laws I must say no. But I will waive this law of Japan, and if you will take her to your school, and into your Church, I will say nothing about it." In another instance a certain thing was desired of the Governor. He said, "Why do you ask me when you want a Protestant favor, because, according to the laws, I must say no? but if you want a thing, go and do it, that is all;" and we did go and do it.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

[Extracts from the report of Rev. Joseph Cook's lectures, in the *Daily Advertiser*.]

Universal suffrage is not likely to be limited very much in our time. I would have the reading test applied; I think that would do good, but it would not free us from the power of demagogues to lead the discontent between labor and capital into such riots as to bring at times perils upon trade. We certainly have nothing to depend upon here but public sentiment and the national will. I read in the *Atlantic Monthly* an article of high merit on certain dangerous tendencies in American life, but in the next number I find a criticism upon it, to the effect that the only way to keep the United States in order is to reduce instruction for the masses to reading, writing and arithmetic. We never shall do that. "Preach the Gospel to every creature;" that is the command, obedience to which has brought into the world most of our present political difficulties, and obedience to which, if continued, will drive them out. A continent of humanity is rising from under the sea, and for awhile it is a pestilential swamp; but the remedy is not to stop its rising and crush it back into chaos. The remedy is to keep lifting it, lifting it, until all its morasses are firm, sweet land. . . .

Lord Beaconsfield stands now in the eye of the world, and when he was younger by some thirty years he wrote a book called "Tancred," in which many of the ideas he is now carrying out were expressed. You remember that he sends a young English lord from the Thames to the Jordan in search of remedies for the social and political evils of Europe. We have had a diffusion of liberty, Lord Beaconsfield says, and to some extent of intelligence and property; but the people are not happy. Here is the man whom Carlyle calls the Hebrew sorcerer, leading English lords and British interests as by some charm of superior blood; and this aristocrat, this guide of the privileged classes, makes his English lord finally kneel down in the holy sepulchre and at Bethany and in Bethlehem, to obtain from the unseen powers a response to his prayer for guidance as to the healing of the nations. He passes through the jaws of death at Petra, and at last, in the midnight of Sinai, Tancred, as you remember, goes alone to the spot where the law was delivered, kneels down there under the mysterious brightness of the Eastern stars, offers prayer in agony, falls into a trance, and, looking up, beholds the genius of Christianity with her hands spread over the continents, and the response his petition received from her was in these words, Lord Beaconsfield's own, the summit of his wisdom as a man of affairs: "The equality of men can only be accomplished by the sovereignty of God. The longing for fraternity can never be satisfied but under the sway of a common Father. Announce the sublime and solacing doctrine of theocratic equality." (Tancred, Book IV, chap. VIII.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

WARS WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Wars and rumors of wars in Asia and Europe and our own commune-cursed West suggest and illustrate the world-wide warfare in human souls, of which these are outpost battles. Recent news has called renewed attention to fighting and famine-struck China, Britain's India, to the Greek Church and other institutions of Russia, the Mohammedan religion and other interests of Turkey, and especially to the fightings of every kind, from the ended brawls of a Morrissey and the secret drills of communists, to the perspective exploits of the Berdan range-finder and the anticipated wars of Europe. All these are but struggling eddies and restless whirlpools on the surface of the sea of life, while below there is the strong current of the incessant and boundless conflict in which all humanity is engaged — the battle of faith on the one hand against the world on the other; spiritual life against the world, the flesh and the devil, so notoriously personified in Restell with her lust of the flesh, and Tweed with his lust of the eye, and Morrissey with his pride of life.

If the world could be rid of these three evils, as New York has been of these three representatives of them in a single month, the millennium might be expected at once. The world, the flesh and the devil are no less real and dangerous enemies because they are for the most part unseen — evil tendencies within us, evil influences around us. A malaria is no less to be feared because it comes and goes as unseen as the wind that wafts it. A battery is only the more terrible for being hidden in an ambuscade. Sin within us and around us is a real and powerful foe. The Bible uses the right adjective when it bids us, "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Paul is describing a warfare as real as that of Turks and Russians when he writes those battle scenes of the 7th of Romans: "I see a law in my members warring against the law of my mind." A little company of three-months' men, in the shape of transient efforts and resolutions, will never suppress the evil in us and around us. How many we have heard say, as confidently as we spoke of suppressing the Rebellion in a month, or of Russia's conquering Turkey in a week, that they could give up an evil habit whenever they made up their minds to; they could stop smoking at any time when they thought it was hurting them; they could give up swearing as easily as not, if they chose; they could let drink alone whenever they found it was getting too strong a hold of them. Did you ever know of a smoker trying as many as three times, or as long as three months, to give up smoking and then find his habit unsuppressed after his Bull Run and Ball's Bluff battles with it? Did you ever know a man to find months of battle necessary to suppress his appetite for strong drink, after he had crossed the Danube of the pledge with his red banner flying? Have we not found that the Constantinople of pride can give us months of war to conquer it? So with covetousness, uncleanness, worldly fear, fretfulness, anger, impatience — the secret communists that meet and drill in the soul. Have we not learned that something more than feeble efforts are necessary to subdue their inward warfare against God's Spirit? Are not these battles real and important? Is it greater glory to take a city, or conquer a fire, or to face the cannon, than to rule the spirit in which these foes are intrenched, and conquer the sins to which our own natures tempt us, and the sins to which our surroundings incline us? Was there ever a greater battle than that of Christ in the wilderness, tempted of the devil?

The world, the flesh and the devil, then, are real foes, hard to overcome. With what force shall we attack them? "Good resolutions," says one. Hell is good resolutions, unkept. They are but hundred days' men, and this may be a life's struggle. Resolutions alone cannot conquer evil habits and evil thoughts. Resolutions are important as the Berdan instrument by which we get the range for our guns, but they cannot furnish powder, ball or fire. We ask again, With what shall we overcome the powers of evil? "Culture and moral precepts should be commanders in the battle," say the religious philosophers of liberalism. With these, they tell us we can "educate men up" to the noblest character, and save them from the dominions of passion and vice. But those who have followed this course most closely in our land have but slight success in saving men from sin, in uplifting men from vice.

A Unitarian *Review* says that the two great problems for their denomination to solve are, first, to find some motive power to continual action equal to the orthodox doctrine of eternal punishment for sin; and, second, it must find a form of truth that shall make God as near and helpful to the soul as the orthodox doctrine of the deity of Jesus. Culture and morality, handmaids of religion, have often been thus acknowledged by their most earnest advocates to lack some essential element of success apart from their mistress, and that element plainly is the power of the new life of faith in the soul. So in a longer trial of centuries in the old world, culture, even when reinforced by civil-service reform, has not shown power enough to save its cultured China from terrible commercial, social and political corruption. True reform must strike deeper than culture can reach — into the heart. "No man does his duty simply because he knows what his duty is." A moral and spiritual awakening must precede and accompany the intellectual. There must be religious dynamics as well as religious mechanics; force as well as precepts, a will to do as well as a way to do.

As statistics show that the bayonet and sabre are almost useless in war, only nine hundred and six wounds by these two weapons being reported in all our hospitals during the Rebellion out of more than two hundred and fifty thousand, so in the warfare against sin, culture is but a beautiful sabre and glistening bayonet to ornament the grand reviews, of little direct force in the rescue of men from vice. The long test of culture in India has resulted no better than in China. Its precepts, in that far day, were many of them refined and noble. These precepts are flaunted in our faces as proof that the people of India are almost Christians, ignoring the well-known fact that these ideas are only found on paper, and having no experimental life, have not kept the people from idolatry and sensuality. Put along-side the first precept of the Vedas this statement of a missionary: "Not one in a thousand of the people of India would in America be considered fit company for any decent woman." The Hindoo mind is singularly pious, but also singularly immoral. It is capable at once of the loftiest thoughts and of the basest actions. Their religion is "forged paper," with no property in morality and character behind it, and before the world's common-sense it "goes to protest." Their theories are so completely bankrupt that they cannot pay even "ten cents on a dollar." These same explorers of the world in books, who shut their eyes to life, tell us of the excellent precepts of Mohammed in the Koran, and put it beside God's Word, as a general in this warfare against the world. Why will they forever ignore the fact that these precepts are a dead letter, and that prayers and vices, the Koran and dishonesty, bowings and thieving, are habitually mingled together? Bishop Thompson, after his trip in the East, says: "I expected to find the Mohammedans more upright than pagans, inasmuch as their creed is better; but I was assured by credible testimony that they are more profligate, licentious and cruel than their heathen neighbors."

Culture and moral precepts, then, are proved by multiplied and lengthened trials to be insufficient to overcome the world, the flesh and the devil, as they war with us in our hearts and lives. Like some of the generals in our late war, each of them is evidently incapable of being commander-in-chief, although it can very efficiently assist in some subordinate position. Christian faith must lead in this battle with self and sin, bringing to us the heavenly reinforcement of divine help, without which we cannot prevail; while culture and moral precept may command their appropriate divisions in the army, and do efficient service.

Religious forms, also, fail to overcome the world — the evils within and around us. Uniforms do not put them to flight, nor grand parades subdue them. Those Churches that punish heresy more severely than vice, and care more for a correct creed, as they call it, than a noble life — as is the case in the Roman and Greek Churches utterly fail in giving men a power to overcome sin within and around them. In regard to the Romish Church, this is evident when we reflect that it produces to-day more criminals than saints, and curses the ribbon temperance movements while it blesses the dishonorable Morrissey — an embodied malaria. The *Bagpipe*, a paper of Constantinople, gives the following dialogue as a representative, not of one man, but of the clergy generally in the Greek Church — the State Church of Russia. A man asks another, "Where is the grog-shop?" "There at the end of the street; but why do you ask?" "I want to find the priest." "You are right; go on, you will find him there." A Greek archbishop had been detected in an infamous crime. When charged with it, he denied it; but being confronted with the proof, he said, "If you examine my life, you will find much that is wrong; but if you examine my doctrine, you will find me orthodox. You can charge no Protestant heresies on me."

Religious forms and sacraments are valuable aides-de-camp and staff officers, but have no reforming power in themselves. Even in this age of invention we cannot be saved by machinery. The world, the flesh, and the devil cannot be overcome by the precepts or forms of any Christless Church. It must be a living, divine power that conquers them, the expulsive power of a new and pure affection. God sends the victor from heaven when every earthly power fails, the victor who conquers the Turk of intemperance and the communist of selfishness and all their allies. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Faith is not merely trusting God as a child trusts its parent's care through dark tunnels and dangerous journeys and daily wants, although this is a part of it. It is not merely taking God at His word, as the child who said, "God says he will, and that's enough for me," although that is one of its elements. It is not merely "leaning on Christ" as our rest and support, although true faith "leans hard" and always on Jesus' bosom. Faith is our whole spiritual life. It is "seeing (realizing) the invisible," counting the invisible God and the immortal soul and the inner life among its realities, the substance of things hoped for, and giving to these unseen realities our supreme interest. This real, though invisible victor, faith, conquers the real though invisible foes, Satan's "triple alliance" — "the world, the flesh and the devil." Faith is heaven's "range-finder," by which the powers of evil are to be completely overcome. The blue and red ribbons wave to-day over many a hard-fought soul battlefield, where faith has overcome the flesh in its mightiest appetites. As defaulting treasurers and corrupt congressmen lessen our confidence in men, victories on every hand add to our reliance upon faith, the victor that never loses a battle. As I think of men trying to be victorious in some other way than by the believing obedience of faith, I try to imagine how it would have been if the Israelites, when they found themselves with mountains on either hand, the Egyptian army thundering in their rear, and the Red Sea confronting them, had disregarded God's command, "Go forward," because it seemed to be only to march into the sea, and had instead tried to climb the mountains or fight the Egyptians. They would have been not conquerors, but conquered. Hard climbing and hard fighting would not have saved them from defeat and death. "By faith" they conquered as they obeyed and trusted God. So in our battles with the evil "desires of the flesh and of the mind," we may battle earnestly in our own strength and resolution, and utterly fail. There is no assurance of victory except in the path of obedience and faith. In that path we can sing, "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously." "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

THE YELLOW FEVER IN CHATTANOOGA.

It was imported, as is always the case. About the middle of August a refugee from Memphis came to our city. In a few days the fever developed and she died. The physicians ordered her clothing burned and the house disinfected. No other member of the household had it. It is said the physicians' directions respecting the burning of the clothes were not followed out, and they fell into the hands of some poor women. In about two weeks a woman and child living a few blocks from the refugee died suddenly. Most of the physicians called it malarial fever, as the house was in a low, unhealthy section, but some said it was yellow fever; and such it was, for nearly every member of the family have since died, and it is reported that some of the refugee's clothing was found in their possession, and that it has been one of the centres from which the disease has spread.

Eight or ten days later a child in another ward, some distance from the above case, was reported sick of malarial fever. It died, and a public funeral was held in the church. The parents were stricken, and the mother died also. During these days physicians and many citizens were continually saying this was not yellow fever, and we could not possibly have an epidemic in Chattanooga. One of our policemen was sick with the same disease, and the public were becoming very uneasy. Many had already left; others had all arrangements made, and the admission was forced upon all that we had yellow fever among the citizens. Then followed the panic, and people were moving in every direction and by every means of conveyance.

Of all the stricken cities, Chattanooga is most favorably situated to allow its citizens to scatter. And this is the only means of safety — depopulation. It is surrounded with ridges and mountains on every side ranging in altitude from twelve to sixteen hundred feet higher than the city, and so near that the poor can walk, carrying their packs with them. Then by rail this whole section of mountainous country is open to us. Lookout Mountain being only four miles from the city, is the nearest point, and has the largest number of buildings. It has, therefore, the largest number of refugees of any one place. Although two thousand feet above tide-water, the disease has slain its victims even here, but as yet no person has taken it on the mountain from those who have brought it here, and we feel quite safe.

This is a disease of terrible mystery, so much so that although it has been visiting our sea-board cities, both North and South, for more than a century, its present workings have overthrown most of the past theories, and physicians seem to know but little of its secret workings, and are powerless before its deadly march. But still it is a disease that must be studied. We believe that the only safety is in flight, and that the only means of checking it is by depopulation or by frost. But it has worked so differently and spread so far in this epidemic, that the question has been asked, "What if the frosts do not kill it?"

There are causes and conditions which have, doubtless, given it a hold upon our city which may be removed in the future; and this is true of the whole infected districts. Will the country which has responded so liberally to cries for aid, hold us guiltless if these causes are not removed?

At first the disease confined itself to that part of the city through which the cholera passed a few years since. This is a low, malarial district, made so by the want of drainage and accumulation of filth; but every foot of this district can be made perfectly dry, clean and healthy, if the city will adopt and carry out a proper system of sewerage and require a proper disposition of all filth. In ordinary times Chattanooga is the healthiest city in which we have ever lived, and on account of its general health, these conditions, which in other places would be continued breeders of disease, have been neglected. Chattanooga, having great confidence in her security against an epidemic, out of true human sympathy, kept her doors wide open for all refugees from every quarter, offering them her hotels, boarding-houses and private residences for homes. This was kind, but it was a mistake. If they did not wish to quarantine, they ought to have furnished separate quarters and compelled refugees to occupy them.

The present epidemic has taught us that no city or town is proof against its spread, if it is once introduced. One yellow-fever death would sow the seed which would infect the whole of Boston or New York, as well as New Orleans, only give it heat and filth to begin with, and time to work in. We have learned that either a strict quarantine or a refugee camp, in which all coming from infected districts must abide until danger is past, is a duty a city owes to its own citizens; that to prevent the worst, a city must at first prepare for the worst.

There have been about four hundred cases, nearly one hundred and fifty of which have resulted fatally. Death has had no respect to class or office, taking not only the lower classes of society, but entering every profession and the ranks of city officers and carrying them swiftly to the grave. The sufferings will be prolonged, for after the fever leaves, there will be the desolate homes, and many must suffer unless assistance be given. We have had two or three frosts, but the disease is not yet killed. The morning paper reports three new cases and four deaths.

We remained in the city for nearly three weeks until all religious services were suspended, and then accepted an invitation to take up our abode with a member of our Church who resides on the mountain. Here we shall remain until all danger is past. We have tried to aid the relief committee by soliciting aid by letter for the sufferers, in answer to which there have been some liberal responses. If any of the readers of the HERALD wish to contribute, we assure them that the donation, however small, will be judiciously used.

S. A. WINSOR.

Lookout Mt., Chattanooga, Tenn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM INDIANA.

The biennial election of Indiana is over, and the results, so far as figures are concerned, have just been published, though the question of possession of office is yet uncertain; for to an extent never before known, the defeated on the count are resorting to every conceivable plea for contesting the seats of the more successful. The aggregate vote this year was about 415,000, being about 20,000 less than two years ago. This is not an unusual shrinkage for an off year, and goes to show that a great many people do not care to vote when there is little at stake but the possession of the local offices, as was the case this year.

I suppose that it is impossible for men not on the ground, as well as for men on the ground, who have theories or parties to maintain, to draw just inferences from such a vote as to the strength of any question that may be more or less involved in the election; hence it is not strange that Eastern men, even editors sometimes, mistake the significance of such an election. Of course a strict analysis of such a vote is impossible, but I would say that the popular inference that this is a vote for "honest money," in the sense that phrase is used in the East, is utterly fallacious. Of the 415,000 who voted this year in Indiana, not 15,000, if the half of it, mean by "honest money" the gold standard of value. The truth is, the Western people are utterly demoralized upon the money question. About ten years ago Senator Morton, of Indiana, Senator Sherman, of Ohio (now Secretary Sherman), and many others taught in the Senate and on the stump that all the bonds not specifically payable in coin might be paid in greenbacks, at the pleasure of the government, whenever they became due.

The people, without distinction of party, accepted this as sound doctrine, the only difference being that as a rule the Republicans meant to use only the $400,000,000 of greenbacks already in existence, as far as they would go, while the Democrats meant to issue new greenbacks enough to take up all the bonds then bearing interest. When, nine years ago, Congress declared that the government meant to pay in coin, it produced a flutter, and became a plea against the Republican party, though it was urged that by the time of payment greenbacks and coin would be of equal value. Later, when it was enacted that gold was to be the only coin, a wild excitement pervaded the entire community, and the restoration of the standard silver dollar to its former place was demanded, not one in a hundred of any party defending the gold standard. Unfortunately the few who advocated the gold standard used words of reproach against those who argued that if 412½ grains of silver were a dollar when the debt was contracted, it ought to be yet. The argument was a plausible one, and the retort was not always courteous, making a breach between neighbors that ought not to be, and widening the gulf between the debtor and the creditor, as it usually happened that the advocate of the gold standard was a creditor.

Practically the people of the West are a unit on the proposition originally stated by Morton, Sherman and others. There are many shades of opinion, however, upon the details, and these are not affected by party lines. Perhaps a very large majority of the voters are in favor of making the greenbacks convertible into coin, and then using them or coin in the payment of all debts, public or private. Then comes the question, Shall we keep the $400,000,000 afloat, or shall we use only those now afloat? A clear majority is in favor of the former, which implies a reissue of the $50,000,000 which have been retired, while perhaps one-fourth of the voters are in favor of the wild scheme of issuing enough promises to pay (greenbacks), to take up all the bonds now bearing interest; while the flat craze of making absolute dollars out of paper cannot number five thousand outside of that class of men who ignore all obligations to pay debts. The election just had does not, therefore, indicate anything except that the Democratic party has succeeded in holding the Republican party responsible for the hard times, by charging everything — grasshoppers, floods, fire and yellow fever — to the bad management of the finances of the country by the party in power. The vote against the Republicans on this ground is overwhelming. What is to come of it remains to be seen. Perhaps, as things now look, the division of parties will be on geographical lines, not on old issues or new.

The wave of depreciated values, which struck New England four or five years ago, is now certainly at its highest here. It must work great hardships in many cases, where the small savings of a life-time have been invested in Western securities if those securities are forced to sale now. A most timely suggestion appeared on that subject in ZION'S HERALD a few months ago — an exhortation to patience. Yet, after all, these will prove the exceptions, not the rule; but they are not the less painful to the individual sufferers because they are rare. If nine cases turn out well, and one proves disastrous in whole or in part, the fame of that one will be heard, while no one will know of the nine that were profitable. After all, men are sometimes unreasonable, who really think they are not. A case came to my knowledge lately to this effect. A man had $6,000 in government bonds, nine years ago. He sold them, and invested the proceeds in Western securities. Those securities now aggregate more than $20,000, with hardly a possibility that he can suffer ten per cent. loss in the final collection. Yet because he may suffer some loss, he feels that he has been badly dealt with, though with $18,000 he can buy more real estate or dry goods in Boston to-day than he could have bought with $30,000 nine years ago. This is not an exceptional case, and I may be permitted to add that it is this animus upon the part of some creditors which has given us our chief trouble with that class of communists who threaten us with some form of repudiation or other. While the purchasing power of a dollar is more than doubled, they think they are greatly wronged if they suffer any diminution of the number of dollars they receive, although it takes the whole farm to pay what bought less than half the farm ten years ago.

But I began to write about politics, that is, about the financial question as mixed with our late election. What it will be two years hence we cannot tell. We had easy sailing while we could lay our troubles at the door of the New England policy and say it was contraction of the currency; but now that we have more currency than ever, this argument fails us. We were sure that it was the Republican policy that closed so many factories and shops and broke so many banks, but now that the banks of Scotland and England, and the factories of the old countries, are all demoralized, we are worse perplexed than ever. Of course somebody is to blame.

T. A. GOODWIN.

MAINE.

LEWISTON DISTRICT.

Four continuous weeks of camp-meeting service so engaged my time that I somewhat neglected my diary. Closing one meeting at early morn of Monday, and riding in carriage forty miles to commence another the same evening, gave but little time for meditation, much less for writing. Sixty-three converted ones were the fruits of religious faith and toil, as also a general quickening of the Churches and reclamation of many who had grown cold in their first love. The camp-meeting committees of Richmond, Poland, Livermere, and Anson were capable and spiritual, rendering efficient aid to the Presiding Elder in the advancement of all the interests of the encampment. My ride from Livermore to Anson was the hardest of any of my 1,200 miles of carriage-travel. On my way I stopped at an old house in Stark on the west side of the Kennebec, where Jesse Lee preached eighty years ago.

My quarterly meeting at *Mercer* was a season of general interest and profit. Bro. Whitten, the pastor, was a few years since a Presiding Elder in the South Carolina Conference, but the attractions of Maine were too strong for him to remain there.

Kent's Hill, my last pastorate, received my next visit, which was one of real pleasure and interest to me. The pastor, Brother Munger, enjoys his appointment very much, as the classical ground affords great opportunities for the scope of his powers. Richmond, Augusta and Hallowell were all points of interest to me, and the several pastors rendered to me an appreciation very congenial to my feelings.

Lewiston, with her two appointments, gave me opportunity for a day's hard work of pleasant service. Hammond Street Church honored the Presiding Elder by a very pleasant reception and supper in the vestry of the church. The ministers of both Churches are young men, able and zealous, and doing a great and blessed work in the Master's service.

Buckfield — a gem of a village among the hills — contains some very excellent people. Methodism is highly prized by many in that section.

Oxford. — In days past Methodism had a strong hold here, but death and removals, without a corresponding increase, have very seriously affected the religious interests of the Methodist society. Hon. J. J. Perry used to be the moving spirit in this place, especially in all matters pertaining to Methodism. But his removal very much weakened the little flock, though there are remaining some zealous, self-denying men and women who with their pastor, Brother Barbour, are striving for a progression of religious interest.

Welchville, connected with Oxford, has also very seriously suffered in the death of one of their noblest supporters, Brother George W. King, and also in the removal of several of his family. Brother William E. Dodge, now in government employ, makes this place the residence of his family, and aids financially in the support of Methodism, and also spiritually when at home.

Mechanic Falls. — The pleasant working spot of one of our rising young men. The religious interest is good, and conversions are of frequent occurrence. The quarterly meeting was very pleasant and profitable.

Woodstock, embraced in Paris charge, I found in a revival state and a protracted meeting appointed. I labored with harmony and pleasure with the young and ambitious brother who has charge, but duty called me away ere the results of the protracted efforts were known.

Rumford — my first field of toil and sacrifice in the Maine Conference thirty-six years ago. Strange delights came to my mind as I rode over the places of former travel, and recounted the scenes of real soul pleasure; for right here I saw hundreds converted. Over 300 were converted, and 247 joined the class as probationers, many of whom joined the Church, and some were living to greet me and talk over by-gone days. But the meeting-houses had been replaced by new ones, or remodeled to suit modern taste, so that much of my anticipated enjoyment was lost.

Newry next claimed my attention. I found all things in readiness for a pleasant quarterly meeting, which has just closed. Brother Charles Bisbee, of Bethel, rendered valuable service. Eleven were baptized — three by immersion and eight by sprinkling, and two rose for prayers in the evening God's blessing is upon his young servant in this place, and 27 have been converted under his labors the past Conference year.

Umbagog Lake. — I ought to call for benedictions upon the former wisdom of those who took the insignificant places of Bath, Brunswick, etc., from Lewiston district, and gave in return this magnificent portion of mountain, hill and dale, river, lake and pond. Of all my travel thus far, amounting to 1,386 miles since May, in my carriage, this is the most attractive and grand of all nature's scenery. After a very pleasant quarterly meeting at Bethel, I left, on Monday morning, for my most northwestern appointment.

Upton and Erroll is the name of this charge in the Methodist Minutes, and we have sixteen members in Upton and a few in Erroll, N. H. A brother by the name of Moulton has just commenced religious work here.

Gorham, N. H. — One of our rural city appointments, in a delightful location, with a fine church edifice — an appointment, which though away up country, any young man might feel himself particularly favored to receive. The present occupant lives in the affections of the people, who heartily co-operate with him in carrying on the good work.

Mason. — A little oblong town between Stoneham and Fryeburg Academy grant, was my last appointment for October, making 1,456 miles' travel in my carriage since Conference session at Farmington. I have preached 123 times, attended 68 love-feasts, with an equal observance of the Lord's Supper, 72 prayer-meetings, four camp-meetings, dedicated two houses of worship, and baptized eleven persons. My salary has been seasonable, amounting to $466, and everywhere I have received distinguished marks of respect and attention. I have not had a leisure day or a dull hour since Conference, and this department of the itinerancy is beneficial to my health. I enter upon my second round of duties with joy and zeal.

C. C. M.

CONNECTICUT.

Greenville. — The Lord has greatly encouraged the little Methodist remnant in Greenville this Conference year. During the three previous years only one was added to the Church, and forty-three withdrew or took letters. Eight have died, and thirty-six were left on the records for the present pastor, some of whom were so discouraged they had decided not to attend meetings any more, and said they never wanted to see another Methodist preacher. Added to this unfavorable state of things were two debts against the Church — one for money borrowed of one of the brethren to pay a minister, on which the interest had not been paid for several years, thus causing great dissatisfaction and alienation of feeling; the other due one of our savings banks, with back interest on that and the insurance on the house unpaid, with the prospect of having to sell the property to pay the debts. But in answer to prayer, and as a result of patient, trustful and self-denying effort, the blessing of God has been resting on the people. It is but just to add that "Father Bentley" gave more than one quarter of the amount raised for the payment of the church debt.

L.

Our Book Table.

POINTED PAPERS FOR CHRISTIAN LIFE, by Theodore L. Cuyler. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York. 12mo, price $1.50. For sale in Boston by J. P. Magee. Dr. Cuyler has no peer in his short spiritual essays. They have the holy sweetness, often, of Rutherford, and are at the same time as lively and attractive as the essays of Charles Lamb. His contributions to our religious literature, in periodicals and books, are only next to his pulpit ministrations in practical usefulness, and have a much wider field of influence. His works are republished in England, and thus his circle is made world-wide.

From the same house we have EVENTIDE AT BETHEL, by J. R. Macduff, D. D. 12mo, 261 pp. From the pen of another charming religious writer we have a happy and enlarged interpretation and application of Jacob's memorable night at Bethel, and the truths that are to be gleaned from its divine revelations. It is a precious book for Sabbath reading.

The same publishers issue MARGERY'S SON; or, Until He Find it. A Fifteenth Century Tale of the Court of Scotland. By Emily Sarah Holt. In a graphic story, true to historical facts, the authoress gives a lively picture of the times at the dawning of the Reformation, political, social and religious — one of the best of the modern forms of religious stories.

The Carters issue, also, from the pen of the author of "The Wide World," THE BROKEN WALLS OF JERUSALEM, AND THE REBUILDING OF THEM. This is a continuation of the author's Biblical series, and gives, in an attractive form for young readers, the story, with illustrations from all sources, of the return of the Jews from Babylon and the restoration of Jerusalem. The book is one of the most wholesome, as well as attractive, of Sunday-school books.

From this house we have, also, HELP HEAVENWARD, by Octavius Winslow, D.D., and SHORT PAPERS FOR FAMILY READING — two handsome miniature volumes for gifts, and for hours of religious meditation. The first is a refreshing treatise upon the Christian's prospects beyond the vail, and his inspirations upon his journey thither. The latter is a collection of spiritual papers, from such pens as James Hamilton, Dean Stanley, Thomas Binney, Dr. Punshon, and Rev. J. R. Macduff.

THE STORY OF LIBERTY, by Charles Carleton Coffin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. Royal octavo, 404 pp. This is one of the best, as it is one of the handsomest of volumes for our young people. The author's name is an adequate guarantee for the vivacity of its style. It tells the story of the growth of civil and religious liberty from the hour of the signing of the Magna Charta by King John, down to the establishment of Plymouth colony. All the chief European events, forming signal marks of human progress, whether brought about by battle, by discovery, by suffering and martyrdom, or by the invention of important arts, are here recorded, not simply as a progressive history; but the various incidents are separately, fully and dramatically set forth in a manner to fascinate the young, and we can vouch for a similar effect in the reading upon one quite mature matron in a family. The illustrations, which are profuse, are equally striking and effective. Altogether, the volume will form a favorite and most wholesome gift for young people during the coming holidays.

FOR THY NAME'S SAKE, and Other Poems, by Millie Colcord. This little volume of poetry is embellished with a portrait of the young author, and twenty-six pages are devoted to a sketch of her life. She was the daughter of J. W. Colcord, esq., of Portland, former editor of *Zion's Advocate*, and but little over eighteen years of age at the time of her death. The poems breathe a deeply-devotional spirit, and for one so young evince a remarkable poetic talent. Published by Hoyt, Fogg & Donham, Portland, Me.

THE BIBLE OF TO-DAY; A Course of Lectures, by John W. Chadwick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The eloquent poet preacher of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., presented to his people, in these lectures, now very handsomely published by the Putnam Sons, the Bible of our fathers as it is left after being submitted to the destructive criticism of Rénan, Muir, Strauss, Baur, the Tübingen School, Kuenen, Colenso, Goldziher,Ort, Davidson, and others of the same class. What is left seems hardly worth embalming in religious affection. The Old Testament, in the estimation of Mr. Chadwick, has "no supernatural revelation. . . It is an evolution, step by step, from small and poor beginnings to such conclusions as are still remote. From Fetichism and nature-worship up to the filial heart of Jesus!" As he concludes his work, following the same teachers in the New Testament, profoundly unconscious of the responses of orthodox Biblical critics, he frankly says, "Some that set out with me have fainted by the way [we do not wonder]. Others have kept company from first to last." These critics, who are the authorities of the Brooklyn minister, have had their volumes for half a generation before the thoughtful world, but the great body of Christian scholarship still holds its unyielded position as to the supernatural revelations of the Bible, while the great world's book, itself, enjoys a constantly-increasing distribution and reverence. No one critic accepts the position of another; they mutually destroy each other, and only harmonize in their common rejection of the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. After Mr. Chadwick has broken the light of the Bible, what lantern will he place in the hands of his young men as a light to their paths?

Charles Scribner's Sons publish a very neat edition of PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE, HIS SISTER AND OTHERS, from 1844 to 1870. Translated from the German by Fitzh. Maxse. Price $1.00. For sale in Boston by H. A. Young & Co. This very interesting little volume places the great German statesman in a new light before American readers. He is the same clear-headed, calm thinker, never failing, even in familiar domestic correspondence, to throw light upon current national and international events, but at the same time exhibiting very attractive traits of character, a lively humor, and great affection for his family. The volume is a very pleasant one, and will readily attract and hold the general reader.

The children's hour is approaching, and "coming events cast their shadows before." Houghton, Osgood & Co. issue, in a very handsome, small quarto form, PLAY DAYS; A Book of Stories for Children, by Sarah O. Jewell, author of Deephaven. Some fifteen charming stories from a pen that has already won a permanent reputation, are here given, adapted to the apprehension and enjoyment of the youngest, making a very beautiful and delightful Christmas gift.

Roberts & Brothers have issued another little volume from the bright and child-loving pen of Miss L. M. Alcott. It is entitled, UNDER THE LILACS, and records the remarkable and amusing process of civilizing and introducing into polite life a very intelligent, but utterly uncultivated, circus boy. The telling of the story is the wonderful thing about the book; and this is inimitable.

Lee & Shepard have already published MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES with silhouette illustrations in black; but this time they give them in white, and they are "funnier than anything." The work is executed by J. F. Goodridge, the author of the "black" illustrations. To an average boy of five or six this little volume will be simply irresistible.

A. S. Barnes & Co. publish FOURTEEN WEEKS IN PHYSICS, by J. Dorman Steele, Ph. D., F. G. S. We are pleased with this text-book. It is well adapted to high schools and academies. Its arrangement is clear, its progress of lessons natural, and it compasses very satisfactorily the rudiments of an important academic study. We commend the new book, which is finely published and illustrated, to our educators.

The very interesting and suggestive essays of Charles F. Thwing upon our colleges, their discipline and moral condition, in *Scribner's Monthly* and the *Sunday Afternoon*, have been collected by G. P. Putnam's Sons into a neat little volume, entitled, AMERICAN COLLEGES; Their Students and Work. The author has prepared an interesting introduction upon the modern progress of two or three of our chief colleges, and has introduced new chapters upon College Societies, and Athletics and Health. The whole makes a very valuable and useful manual, full of important statistics and suggestions to the friends of public education and the curators of our numerous colleges.

Mr. M. F. Sweetser's last Artist Biography is that of Turner (Joseph Mallord William Turner). It is an interesting, but a sad picture. Turner was a strange combination of attractive and forbidding qualities. He was narrow, coarse, selfish, avaricious, sensual, and almost brutal, and he was also generous, tender, noble, patriotic, and a marvelous painter of ideal nature. You hardly know, as you read, whether to despise, or to pity, or to admire the man; you must respect the artist. The book is fairly and frankly written, and will be read with melancholy interest by the admirers of Ruskin, his worshiper, and the artist himself.

The National Temperance Society, New York, has done a good service in publishing two series of TEMPERANCE READINGS AND RECITATIONS, in prose and verse, edited by Miss L. Penney, for schools, concerts and public readings. The selections are varied, serious, pathetic and humorous. The compilations will be appreciated, and will fill an important want in this great field of reform.

Lee & Shepard, in anticipation of the holidays, add to their juvenile list of handsomely-published books, LAKE BREEZES; or The Cruise of the Sylvania, by Oliver Optic. The story is a characteristic illustration of possible incidents and enjoyments in a yacht cruise among the great lakes. It is full enough of adventure, and carries its moral lessons as a wholesome counter-irritant with its stirring incidents. LIVE BOYS; Charlie and Nasho in Texas, by Arthur Morecamp. This is a story of actual and often startling adventures in the great southwestern State, and will win from the boys a ready and interested reading.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental — Language of Love, by Gustav Lange; The New Wedding March, by Gustave Wedel; Contentment (Tone Pictures), by W. F. Sudds; Jessamine (Bright Flowers), by Heinrich Lichner. Vocal — Birds in the High Hall Garden, words by Tennyson, music by W. T. Giffe.

The *Vox Humana* for November is received. It contains the usual amount of reading matter and the following music: Secret Love, A Dream of Spring, Sounds of Childhood, and Pure as Snow. A. Williams & Co.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter. Lesson VIII.

November 24. Luke 21: 8-21.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

DATE: Either Tuesday afternoon, April 3, A. D. 30 (Smith and Farrar), or Wednesday, April 4 (Robinson and others).

CONTEMPORARIES: Tiberias Cæsar, emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judæa; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee.

CONNECTION: After the conversion of Zaccheus, Jesus proceeded to Bethany, which He reached on the Friday evening (March 31) before the Saturday-Sabbath which ushered in the Passover week. Here He spent the Sabbath (Saturday), and in the evening (probably, though the date has been much disputed) was entertained at the feast in the house of Simon the leper, at which Martha served, and Lazarus reclined as a guest, and at which Mary performed that loving and memorable act of anointing which our Lord construed as a preparation for His burial. On the next day (Palm Sunday, the 10th of Nisan, or April 1) He made His public entry into Jerusalem, returning in the evening to Bethany. On Monday, He performed the symbolic act of cleansing the Temple, and uttered the solemn parable of the Barren Fig Tree. The next day — Tuesday — was occupied with teaching, with the terrible eight-fold "Woe!" pronounced upon the Pharisees who were maturing their plans to seize Him, and with the incidents connected with His final departure from the Temple. It was towards the close of the afternoon, probably, of this eventful day, that, having crossed to the Mount of Olives, He uttered to the disciples this momentous discourse on "the last things," of which the four moral key-notes are "Beware!" and "Watch!" "Endure" and "Pray!"

JUDAISM OVERTHROWN.

I. Perils Predicted.

Up to this last day of our Lord's public ministry, the disciples seem to have nursed their delusion of an earthly kingdom. Despite all His teaching, they clung to this false hope. Though He had plainly predicted the tragical issue of this journey to Jerusalem — had warned them weeks beforehand, in terrible and explicit details, that He would be betrayed by the priests and scribes, condemned, and crucified — they either could not, or would not, understand. Their minds were preoccupied with the anticipated splendors of a Messianic triumph, and they were quick to notice every word or movement which seemed to favor their hallucination. The hosannas and royal acclamations with which the multitude had heralded the approach of Jesus two days before, when He made His public entry into Jerusalem, had strengthened their confidence in the speedy inauguration of their Lord's prophesied dominion. So confident were they, that the mother of James and John had already, in a private audience, bespoken the posts of honor for her sons.

But there was one prediction which had startled and troubled the disciples. On leaving the Temple, after the denunciation of the Pharisees, they had stopped for a moment to gaze upon the stately structure "with the loving pride of their nationality." They had called His attention to "the goodly stones and splendid offerings — those nine gates overlaid with gold and silver, and the one of solid Corinthian brass yet more precious; those graceful and towering porches; those beveled blocks of marble forty cubits long and ten cubits high, testifying to the toil and munificence of so many generations; those double cloisters and stately pillars; that lavish adornment of sculpture and arabesque; those alternate blocks of red and white marble, recalling the crest and hollow of the sea waves; those vast clusters of golden grapes, each cluster as large as a man, which twined their splendid luxuriance over the golden doors. They would have Him gaze with them on the rising terraces of courts — the Court of the Gentiles, with its monolithic columns and rich mosaic; above this the flight of fourteen steps which led to the Court of the Women; then the flight of fifteen steps which led up to the Court of the Priests; then, once more, the twelve steps which led to the final platform, crowned by the actual Holy, and Holy of Holies, which the rabbis fondly compared for its shape to a couchant lion, and which, with its marble whiteness and gilded roofs, looked like a glorious mountain whose snowy summit was gilded by the sun." For nearly fifty years the structure had been rising, and the workmen were still busy upon it. It seemed to contain in itself the promise of national stability and perpetuity; and perhaps the disciples had hoped that within its precincts their expectations would be realized; that "the Lord would suddenly come to His Temple," and assume the sceptre of dominion. But very stern and surprising was the prediction which Jesus made as He gazed at the glittering spectacle: "As for these things which ye behold, the days will come in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

Astonished and perplexed at this prophecy, yet daring not, at the time, to question Him, the disciples waited until they had reached the Mount of Olives, and then the foremost three introduced the subject by asking when this strange prediction should come to pass, and what the signs might be that should herald it. In the great prophetical discourse which followed — His last public discourse — our Lord's descriptions were bounded by two horizons — the inner and nearer one embracing the destruction of Jerusalem; the outer one expanding to the farthest limit of time, and including the final consummation of all things. Very mean and narrow must have seemed to the disciples *their* conceptions as our Lord unveiled to them the landscape of the future. Their visions of earthly crowns paled before the terrible delineations of Jerusalem's fall; their spasms of earthly ambition were calmed by the solemn warnings of perils yet in store for them, through which they must indeed pass, but in which protection should be granted. False Christs would arise whose pretensions would seduce many to follow them; of these they were to beware. Bloody wars would decimate the nations; physical commotions and calamities — earthquakes, famines, pestilences — would follow in such dire succession as to make them think that the great crisis — the *dies iræ* of Jerusalem's overthrow — had really come; but these would be only signs, and must not be mistaken for the dread reality. Iniquity would abound, the love of many would wax cold, the faithful would be summoned before kings and magistrates, prison doors would open to receive them — these, too, would only be signs; "the end is not yet." But there should come a final sign — the sign on which they were to act for their own safety: When alien armies should encompass the walls of Jerusalem, and the abomination which should cause desolation should stand in the Holy place, then let them take warning! There must be no tarrying then — not for an instant! Nothing but precipitate flight would save them from sharing the fate of the doomed city.

Many shall come. — Some sixty false Christs appeared, but subsequent to the fall of Jerusalem. *I am Christ* — strictly, "I am He." *The time*, etc. — These pretenders would assert that the time for the inauguration of Messiah's kingdom was near at hand. *Wars and commotions.* — "There were serious disturbances (1) at Alexandria, which gave rise to the complaint against, and deposition of, Flaccus, and Philo's work against him (A. D. 38), in which the Jews as a nation were the special objects of persecution; (2) at Seleucia, about the same time, in which more than 50,000 Jews were killed; (3) at Jamnia, a city on the coast of Judæa, near Joppa. Many other such national tumults are recorded by Josephus" (Alford). *Be not terrified* — by imagining that the end of the world has come. *By and by.* — This phrase which, by a singular reverse of meaning, now signifies "after awhile," meant in the old English of our translators "immediately." *Nation shall rise*, etc. — "Bear in mind the massacres at Cæsarea between Syrians and Jews, in which twenty thousand of the latter fell, while in Syria almost every city was divided into two armies; the quick succession of the five emperors in Rome within a few years — Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian — and the tumults connected therewith, in wider or narrower circles; the famine under Claudius; the earthquakes at the time of Nero in Campania and Asia in which whole cities perished," etc. (Van Oosterzee). *Earthquakes.* — Four are recorded before the destruction of Jerusalem — Crete, A. D. 46 or 47; Rome, A. D. 53; Laodicea, in Phrygia, A. D. 60; one in Campania. *Signs.* — Josephus mentions among the "signs" which preceded the destruction of Jerusalem: (1) That a blazing star in fashion of a sword hung over the city; (2) that at the feast of unleavened bread a light shone round about the altar as clear as day; (3) that a cow led to be sacrificed calved a lamb; (4) that the brazen gate of the Temple, which twenty men could scarcely open, was seen to open at midnight of its own accord; (5) that on the first of May there were seen in the air chariots and standing battles, skirmishing in the clouds and compassing the city; (6) in the Temple was heard the sound of a wonderful, terrible voice which said "*Migremus hinc!*" "Let us go hence" (Biblical Museum). *Before all these.* — During this period (Alford). *Shall lay hands — with hostile purpose. Delivering you up* — to be scourged. The Sanhedrim had the power to scourge heretics (Matt. 10: 17). *Kings and rulers.* — Herod Agrippa (Acts 26), Nero (Acts 25: 12), Felix, Festus, Gallio, etc.

II. Protection Promised.

It must have been consoling to the disciples to learn that they would not be involved in the punitive catastrophe which awaited their nation's capital; that, while some of them, betrayed by kinsfolk, would suffer death, and many trials would befall them all, and they would be the objects of persecuting hatred, yet they would be immortal until their work was done, and their testimony to the truth would be glorious and invincible.

Testimony — "for a testimony against them" says Mark (13: 9). *Not to meditate.* — "This verse is best interpreted by such practical illustrations as are afforded by Acts 4: 19, 20; 5: 22-32; and especially Dan. 3: 16-18" (Abbott). *Mouth and wisdom.* — Mouth is a concrete expression for the words themselves which they were to utter; wisdom, the gift of delivering these words befittingly, according to time, place, and the like (Van Oosterzee). If Christ promises to give this He must be God, for it is God's prerogative to give wisdom (Henry). *Betrayed.* — "Incredible as it may seem, parents and children, husbands and wives, were found wicked enough to deliver up each other to cruel modes of death on account of their attachment to the Gospel. Such is the opposition of the heart of man to the Gospel" (Barnes). This is still fulfilled in missionary lands. *Hated*, etc. — See Gibbon's Rome, vol 2, chap. 16. "That the Christians were hated is abundantly illustrated by Gibbon. Tacitus calls the Christians 'a race of men hated for their crimes.' Chrysostom remarks on the combination of dangers of which Christ warned His disciples — the courts of justice, kings governors, synagogues of Jews, nations of Gentiles, rulers ruled, their own kinsfolk, and finally the whole combined enmity of mankind. The spiritual power of Christ is exemplified in the fact that He could describe such dangers, and yet inspire the twelve with courage to go forth undaunted to meet them" (Abbott). *My name's sake* — because you bear My name as Christians (Barnes). *Not a hair.* — Compare chap. 12: 7; Matt. 10: 30. Of course no assurance that they should in no case be slain, but only that they should be inviolable upon earth so long as they were necessary for the service of the Lord, as also that even their death should redound to their salvation, and to the glory of Christ (Phil. 1: 19) (Van Oosterzee). It is an historical fact that by reason of this warning not a Christian perished in the downfall of Jerusalem. They all escaped, in season, to the Transjordanic village of Pella. *Patience* — endurance. *Possess* — literally, "ye shall acquire" — "this endurance being God's appointed way in and by which your salvation is to be put in your possession. See Matt. 16: 25; Luke 9: 24" (Alford). *Jerusalem compassed.* — Cestius Gallus (A. D. 66), Vespasian (A. D. 68), and Titus (A. D. 70) successively "compassed" the walls of Jerusalem.

Illustrative Truths and Incidents.

1. Prophecy gives its broad survey without perspective. The destruction of the sanctuary by foreign armies, the precipitate flight of the disciples, the first persecutions of the Church, the appearance of false Christs — all this prophetic painting of the events which will accompany the destruction of Jerusalem is set in a wider picture, which is nothing less than that of the catastrophe of human history (Pressense).

2. So ended that great discourse upon the Mount of Olives, and the sun set, and He arose and walked with His apostles the short remaining walk to Bethany. It was the last time He would ever walk it upon earth; and after the trials, the weariness, the awful teachings, the terrible agitations of that eventful day, how delicious to Him must have been that hour of twilight loveliness and evening calm! The thought, indeed, of the bitter cup which He was so soon to drink was doubtless present to Him, but present only in its aspect of exalted sacrifice, and the highest purpose of love fulfilled. Not the pangs which He would suffer, but the pangs from which He would save; not the power of darkness, which would seem to win a short-lived triumph, but the redeeming victory — the full, perfect and sufficient atonement — these we may well, though reverently, believe to have been the subjects which dominated His thoughts. The exquisite beauty of the Syrian evening, the tender color of the spring grass and flowers, the wadys around Him paling into solemn gray, the distant hills bathed in the primrose light of sunset — what must these have been to Him to whose eye the world of nature was an open book, on every page of which He read His Father's name! Can we not imagine Him walking on in silence too deep for words, His disciples around Him or following Him, the gibbous moon beginning to rise and gild the twinkling foliage of the olive trees with richer silver, and moonlight and twilight blending at each step insensibly with the garish hues of day, like that solemn twilight-purple of coming agony into which the noon-day of His happier ministry had long since begun to fade? (Farrar.)

3. The Romans, under Vespasian, invaded the country, and took the cities of Galilee — Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum, etc. — where Christ had been especially rejected, and murdered numbers of the inhabitants. At Jerusalem the scene was most wretched of all. At the Passover, when there might have been two or three millions of people in the city, the Romans surrounded it with troops, trenches, and walls, that none might escape. The three different factions within murdered one another. Titus did all in his power to persuade them to an advantageous surrender, but they scorned every proposal. The multitudes of unburied carcasses corrupted the air, and produced a pestilence. The people fed on one another; and even ladies, it is said, boiled their suckling infants, and ate them. After a siege of six months the city was taken. The Romans murdered almost every Jew they met. Titus was bent to save the Temple, but could not; six thousand Jews who had taken shelter in it were all burned or murdered. The whole city, except three towers, and a small part of the wall, was razed to the ground, and the foundations of the Temple, and other places, were ploughed up. At Jerusalem alone, it is said, one million one hundred thousand persons perished by sword, famine and pestilence. In other places we hear of two hundred and fifty thousand that were cut off, besides vast numbers that were sent into Egypt to labor as slaves. About fifty years after, the Jews murdered about five hundred thousand of the Roman subjects, for which they were severely punished by Trojan. About A. D. 130, one Barcocaba pretended that he was the Messiah, and raised a Jewish army of two hundred thousand, who murdered all the heathens and Christians who came in their way; but he was defeated by Adrian's forces. In this war, it is said that about six hundred thousand Jews were slain or perished by famine and pestilence. Adrian built a city on Mount Calvary, and erected a marble statue of a swine over the gate that led to Bethlehem. No Jew was allowed to enter the city, or to look at it at a distance, under pain of death (Watson, quoted by Whedon).

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

[For scholars between the ages of 13 and 18.]

1. State the principal events which preceded our lesson.

2. What delusion did the disciples entertain, which lead to this prophetic discourse?

3. What prediction relative to the Temple startled the disciples, and why?

4. What perils were predicted, and what warnings given?

5. What two great events are prophesied in this discourse?

6. What sign was given to warn the disciples to escape from Jerusalem?

7. What was the character of the protection promised to the disciples?

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

Mr. E. C. Butler, a printer and son of our Dr. Butler of Mexico, has arrived in town, and went directly forward to Michigan where he may make his future home.

Rev. P. M. Buck and family reached Bombay on the evening of September 21. They had a remarkably cool passage through the Red Sea. He says: "We went on shore and spent a quiet Sabbath with Methodist friends." Further on he wrote, from Allahabad, Oct. 26: "We are now within about 250 miles of our work. We are resting for the day with Brother Dennis Osborn. We expect to go this evening and reach Shakjehanpore on the mid-day train."

Rev. Brother Kellogg writes from Monrovia: "I am feeling very well — quite strong indeed. If I keep on gaining as I have for a few days past, I shall be my old self again. My second term of school will reopen on my birthday, October 15."

Rev. Mr. Taylor says: "Our noble band of missionary pioneers are stationed as follows: Prof. A. P. Stowell, wife, and Miss Cora B. Benson, Tacua, Peru; J. W. Collier, to be joined by his sister Miss Edith R. Collier, Jaquique, Peru; A. S. Jeffries and wife, Antofogasta, Bolivia; Lucius C. Smith and wife, Copiapo, Chili; Rev. J. W. Higgins, Coquimbo, Chili; Ira H. La Fetra, Valparaiso, Chili. Prof. W. A. Wright, Miss Sarah E. Longley and Miss Lelia A. Waterhouse, Concepcion, Chili. About half a dozen are to follow a month hence. Three of these are Germans: Rev. Charles Henry Hoffman and wife, and Oscar Krouse, for Valdivia, Chili.

Commercial.

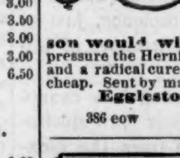
BOSTON MARKET.

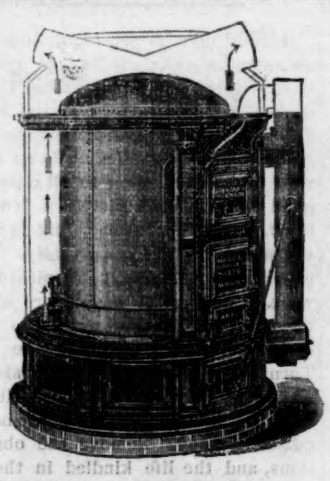
WHOLESALE PRICES.

Nov. 12, 1878.

FLOUR — Superfine, $3.00 @ 3.25; extra, $3.75 @ 4.25; Michigan, $4.50 @ 5.90; St. Louis, $4.75 @ 5.75; Southern Flour, $5.00 @ 6.75.
CORN MEAL — $2.35 @ — ⅌ bbl.
OAT MEAL — $4.50 @ 5.75 ⅌ bbl.
CORN — Mixed and Yellow, 52 @ 54c. ⅌ bush.
OATS — 30 @ 32c. ⅌ bushel.
RYE — 63 @ 64c. ⅌ bush.
SHORTS — $14.50 @ — ⅌ ton.
FINE FEED — $15.00 @ 15.50 ⅌ ton.
MIDDLINGS — $17.00 @ 20.00 ⅌ ton.
SEEDS — Timothy, $1.40 @ 1.50 ⅌ bushel; Red Top, $1 65 @ 1.70 per sack; R. I. Bent, $3.00 @ 4.00 ⅌ bush.; Clover, 7¾ @ 7⅞c. ⅌ ℔.
APPLES — New, $1.25 @ $1.50 ⅌ bbl.
BEEF — $9.50 @ 10.50 for mess and extra mess; and $11.00 @ 12.00 ⅌ bbl. for family.
PORK — $9.40 @ 13.00; Lard, 6⅞ @ 7c.; Hams, 9 @ 10½c. ⅌ ℔.
SUGAR — Powdered, 9¾c.; granulated, 9⅝c.; coffee crushed, 6⅞ @ 9c. ⅌ ℔.
COFFEE — Java, 23 @ 26c., gold; Mocha, 25c. ⅌ ℔, gold.
TEAS — Japans, 15 @ 50c.; Oolongs, 20 @ 65c. Gunpowder, 22c. @ 85c.; Young Hyson, 20c. @ 65c.
BUTTER — 18 @ 28c.
CHEESE — Factory, 7 @ 9½c. ⅌ ℔.
EGGS — 22 @ 24c. per doz.
HAY — $8.00 @ 16.00 ⅌ ton.
STRAW — $11.00 @ 12.00 ⅌ ton.
POTATOES — 75 @ 95c. ⅌ bush.
BEANS — Extra Pea, $1.80 @ 2.00; medium, $1.70 @ 1.75 ⅌ bush.
POULTRY — 10 @ 18 cents ⅌ ℔.
SALMON — $10.00 @ 12.00 ⅌ bbl.
CABBAGE — New, $1.00 @ — ⅌ bbl.
DRIED APPLES — @ — ⅌ ℔.
ONIONS — 1.75 ⅌ bbl.
SWEET POTATOES — $1.75 @ 2.25 ⅌ bbl.
ORANGES — $7.00 @ 8.00 ⅌ bbl.
LEMONS — $4.00 @ 4.50 ⅌ box.
FIGS — 12 @ 17c. ⅌ ℔.
RAISINS — Malaga, $1.90 ⅌ box; Sultana, 10c. and Valencia, 6½c. ⅌ ℔.
CURRANTS — 4½c. ⅌ ℔.
DATES — 5 @ 5½c. ⅌ ℔, as to quality.
CITRON — 14½c. ⅌ ℔.
PRUNES — 8c. ⅌ ℔.
TOMATOES — 75c. ⅌ bush.
MARROW SQUASH — $1.00 ⅌ bbl.
PEARS — $2.50 @ 4.00 ⅌ bush.
GRAPES — 5 @ 8c. ⅌ ℔.
CRANBERRIES — $5.00 @ 7.00 ⅌ bbl.

REMARKS. — There is more doing in Flour, but prices remain without improvement. Corn remains quiet, the sales being confined to small lots for current requirements of the local trade. The Butter market is steady, with a fair demand for choice fall-made lots, which are coming forward more freely. Cheese is steady, and in fair demand from shippers and the home trade, with liberal supplies of a fall-made article. Eggs are firmer, with receipts light and diminishing. The market is quiet and steady for all kinds of fruit and vegetables, with liberal receipts and a fair demand from consumers and the trade. Green Apples are largely in excess of requirement, and, with considerable pressure to sell, prices are weak and without improvement. Potatoes have been arriving more freely, but the demand is good and desirable lots readily command good prices. Sweet Potatoes are plenty and dull.





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ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
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CONTENTS.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1878.

The great political struggle is over. Its interest must have been overwhelming to have made such a breach upon party policies and organizations. As representing more than State issues, and involving questions of a vital character both in morals and finance, men forgot, as in the civil war, their political alliances, and Manasseh and Ephraim, for the time ceasing to vex each other, united in common efforts to sustain the honor of the country and the reputation of the Commonwealth. It was an unusual occurrence to see Republicans and Democrats shaking hands together Wednesday morning as if the result were equally grateful to both. The prohibition vote was small, not because the honored candidate was not popular, but because the elected governor was esteemed to be a hearty, unqualified temperance man, and because his failure boded no good to the temperance cause. The prohibitory organization has been preserved, and its voice will not be drowned by the huzzas of victory over another, and far from equally vital, although at the moment signally important, issue. Now the elements are at rest; the agony is over. Majorities rule and minorities are protected in our government. The vanquished smile sadly, and hope for better success next time. Laboring men are not forgotten. Their cause will have a more earnest and candid discussion. The question now goes upon a moral platform, and some of the most thoughtful men in the land will carefully and thoroughly explore it. Massachusetts will have next year one of her best and most experienced citizens as her governor.

There is something approaching sublimity in the calm earnestness with which the Missionary Board, both ministers and laymen, representative men from all portions of the Church, set down an apportionment, an outlay of over a half million of dollars, depending entirely upon the loyalty and piety of the Church for its provision, and with an impending debt of over an hundred thousand dollars. They come from the people; they know the pressure of the hour, the local embarrassments everywhere, the misfortunes that have befallen the wealthiest donors in our membership; they see no intimation of a speedy change in the financial outlook; they simply mark the significant and solemn calls of Providence, and the pathetic appeals of half-enlightened men; they recognize their obligation to Christ and their Christian duty, as themselves of the body upon which the burden is to fall, and then they prayerfully and courageously survey the field and divide the sum, which has been the average in more prosperous days, among the spiritually-needy claimants. Their faith in God and their brethren will be fully justified. The amount will be raised, not by the few large gifts, but by numerous small contributions. The money will come, this year, from nearer the heart, and will be all the more acceptable to the Master; its bestowment will be felt, and the consequent benediction will be all the richer. Christ is not a myth; the Gospel is not a cunningly-devised fable; its experience is not a forceless superstition; its dispensation of grace is not a failure; the Cross is certainly to conquer the world!

"Brains are good for a minister, Mrs. W.," said a woman — not accounted remarkable for her overstock of intelligence, but sometimes giving forth remarkable flashes of intuitive common sense — who was giving material aid to the pastor's wife; "but—but," she added in her hitching speech, "brains and brass mixed together are better!" She made no personal application, gave no reason for the sage utterance, but having relieved her soul she sank back into placid peace. A New Haven professor was accustomed to say that he felt the need of rubbing his face with a brass candlestick when he went out to beg for a good cause. A little brass to burnish honest brains is certainly a good thing for a minister; but when it is all brass, the result is something terrible!

What a lesson to the Christian Church is the late political canvass! Men felt that serious national and commercial interests were at stake. How earnestly they labored! What overwhelming enthusiasm was engendered! How freely money was poured forth! The prize, after all, was but a temporary and an earthly one. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Our accepted faith is both fearful and sublime. Our views of Scriptural Christianity, if true, are tremendously true. Immortal interests are at peril. Our neighbors and our children are involved, and the same eternal destinies confront us. Seeing we believe such things, what manner of men ought we to be — how earnest! how persistent! We shall remain but a little while here to enjoy or suffer the prosperity or disappointment incident to these social and civil movements, but the eternal life into which we are about to enter presents us immutable joys or irremediable sorrows.

We feel impotent in our personal relations, or individual Church, to secure any great radical reformation in society. The work of rooting out public evils, of creating healthy sentiments, of toning up the conscience of the community, of turning back the tide of worldliness and awakening men to the solemnities of the immortal life, is too serious a matter for any single man or local Church to contemplate hopefully. We shrink back from the mighty work. But we can labor in our narrow circle. We can build the wall over against our own house. We can secure, with God's blessing, one true heart and life, and work out towards our circle of friendship and influence, and in the religious body with which we are connected. A powerful, real reformation in our Church would be the beginning of a spiritual era. Twelve men thoroughly consecrated and inspired began the work of the world's redemption.

The pleasant story that has been told in our English exchanges, in reference to a visit of Dean Stanley to the burying ground adjoining City Road Chapel, received full confirmation from his own lips in the quite elaborate, generous and able response which he made in St. Paul's M. E. Church, New York, to the address of the "Ministers and Members of the M. E. Church of America." Referring to the Wesleyan Church in which they were gathered, he said: —

"It reminds me of what happened to myself when, on visiting, in London, the City Road Chapel, in which John Wesley ministered, and in the cemetery adjoining, in which he is buried, I asked an old man who showed me the cemetery — I asked him, perhaps inadvertently, and as an English Churchman might naturally ask — "By whom was this cemetery consecrated?" and he answered, "It was consecrated by the bones of that holy man, that holy servant of God, John Wesley."

Genuine piety is self-regulation. Unlike nominal religion, the true operates from within. The motive force, though derived from heaven, is located in the soul; the law, so far from being merely an outer rule of restraint, is an inner, vital principle, leading to all classes of good works. Such piety is a law unto itself. So far from depending on helps, it demands only an opportunity. Some people spoil the light by picking the wick. Some good people are always tinkering their experience. To such, one can only say, Don't pick the wick. Turn up the blaze, give it free air, and see how freely and gloriously it will burn. Follow out your supreme impulses to good. Remove the obstructions, and the life kindled in the soul will rise towards God in holy incense as well as shed a brilliant radiance on the path of man.

Care is one of the bitter fruits of sin. It came in with the lapse of the first pair, and will go out only with the completed redemption of Jesus Christ. You are careful because Adam was careless; you are ill at ease because he was too much at ease. Your care comes not simply from your individual conduct, but from your relation to the volume of humanity. The race was poisoned in the spring, and the bitter streams have flowed down the line of all the generations. Care is an inheritance from Eden. You can be lifted out of it only in the measure that you take on Christ. Only as His righteousness pervades your nature will you find relief from this incubus.

EACH MAN HIS GIFT.

The apostle Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, intimates, that — for reasons which he does not state, but which can be readily supplied — he should be glad if all Christian workers had the same natural and gracious endowments at that time as himself; but it was just as evident to him that this was not God's plan. He was assured that "every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that." In a succeeding chapter he broadens the statement, and affirms "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." And vain is the attempt to account, upon any other principle, for the diverse "administrations" and their results among the Christian ministers that the Master permits to enter His field.

A thoughtful and devoted pastor, in an address before a preachers' meeting, the other day, struggled anxiously with this problem of his own enunciation. "How does it occur," he asked, in substance, several times in succession and with manifest earnestness, "that many godly ministers who, all admit, enjoy a high order of piety — who preach and profess holiness in heart and life — have quite small apparent results following their labors for the conversion of souls?" The brother evidently felt assured, although he shrank from judging censoriously the members of the Church, that it was the great unbelief and worldliness of the Churches and their sinful disrelish of holiness that hindered the efficiency of these devoted ministerial saints. These ministers, like their blessed Lord, in his estimation, could accomplish no mighty works on account of this unbelief of their people.

This answer, which, doubtless, embodies a truth, does not begin to meet the whole requisition of the problem, however, when it is properly and truthfully stated. There are ministers, the very excellent of the earth, of even and beautiful Christian character, of large natural and acquired gifts, without any offensive qualifications as to their acceptableness on account of habits, of temperament, modes of services, or ungrateful domestic relations, always well received in their charges, prudent, exemplary, winning general respect, who never have, in connection with labors, marked seasons of religious revival. They do not draw in a large congregation; they lose none of their hearers, indeed; there is always a gradual growth in the Church where they are pastors, and when a revival does break out, possibly under the labors of a successor, it is noticeable that the converts are remarkably well instructed, seem mature at once in religious experience, and become permanent and invaluable members of the Church.

On the other hand, we all of us know of men who could not pass a doctrinal examination for a license to preach, or one to be admitted into an advanced class in a public school, who are constantly making sad mistakes in their attempts at interpreting Scripture, who have no strength or balance of character, who would not be called by any Church as settled pastors, whose piety is largely of the emotional and paroxysmal character, who have neither wisdom nor prudence, but who have learned by experience the way to pardon through faith in the Lord Jesus, and have been seized and entirely possessed with the idea of the real spiritual and eternal peril of men out of Christ; who have not the slightest shade of doubt that there is no other possible escape from an endless hell but by turning at once unto God, and seeking His forgiveness through Christ. We know of such men, whose names we could all repeat if called upon to do so, whose extemporaneous, ill-arranged, disconnected, but utterly sincere words, produce the most remarkable effects upon the large miscellaneous crowds which they gather. They have no wide range of either thought or illustration; they keep driving at the one idea of immediate repentance; their whole utterance is pervaded with their earnestness, and the houses where they speak are crowded; the altars around them are filled; men, strangely enough, respond, as if fascinated by their power, and hurry at their bidding to kneel, overwhelmed with weeping, and praying for mercy. The general results of their labors are simply marvelous. The ingathering to the Church is by hundreds; and they leave one scene of spiritual victory to witness its repetition in another, and still other places.

Now it is out of the question to connect these results with the purely spiritual characteristics of the men. The former have more character, are holier men, and, on the whole, are, everyway, of far the most value to the Church. They must stand by the side of these spiritual Jehus, and follow close after their chariots, or their furious driving would simply raise a mighty wind and clouds of dust that would only settle back again into the hard-trodden highway. They have their special functions. God sends them. They have a peculiar commission. When they attempt to pass beyond it, they only exhibit their human weakness and folly. "Every man has his proper gift of God." They speak to the multitude in their own familiar tongue, and they touch their hearts by illustrations from their every-day life, and strokes of true and simple nature. They awaken conviction by their "dead earnestness." They break through all conventional restraints. They put aside all speculation, and even argument, and sound the note which reaches directly the human conscience, just as death does, and as the trumpet of Gabriel will.

But these simple evangelists cannot nurse and nurture the new-born spiritual child. They cannot open the inexhaustible riches of the Holy Scriptures. They cannot build up, broaden and beautify Christian character; they cannot lead forward the Church of God in the great world-embracing charities. They are not prepared to meet cases of Christian casuistry, to preside over delicate instances of discipline, to gather the little children into the fold and feed them with the sincere milk of the Word.

The men that can do this — who are called to do this—cannot, many of them, accomplish the peculiar work of these other men from the plough and counting-room. They have not their magnetic manner, their pathetic experiences, their divinely-given mission to reach, well-nigh irresistibly, certain classes of minds and men. "Every man has his proper gift of God, one after this manner and another after that."

Let us not, then, disparage the gifts of any one called of God into the ministry. Let us not measure character and spiritual attainments by seen results. The best barometer of a man's piety is his positive spiritual influence over the immediate society, domestic and social, in which he moves, and the self-sacrificing consecration which he is enabled to make for the Lord Jesus and the establishment of His kingdom upon the earth. To some men God seems specially to commit the work of instructing the Church; to others the care of the lambs; to others the defense of the faith; to a rare few the systematizing and strengthening the finances of the Church; some are Barnabases, sons of consolation; some are sons of thunder, called to lift up their voices against public evils and sins; and some are evangelists, whose chief work is to call sinners to repentance and to prepare the way of the Lord.

One should not despise another. Each man should magnify his own gift and make it to appear honorable in the sight of all men. The apparent lack of evangelistic success on the part of an earnest, holy pastor, may not be the unbelief of his people. If they are all in harmony with him, probably a sensational work will not be accomplished; but they will grow daily in grace and favor with God and man, and souls will be continually and permanently added to the Church.

* 1 Corinthians, vii, 7.

THE MEETING OF THE GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

The first of the month, this very responsible committee, consisting of twelve chosen by General Conference, ministers or laymen; twelve by the Missionary Board, six laymen and six ministers; the Bishops of the Church, and the Missionary Secretaries and Treasurer, met at 805 Broadway, New York. In view of the times, the debt, and the condition of the Churches in various portions of the work, it might have been naturally expected that these brethren would have conducted their discussions under somewhat of a cloud of anxiety and a weight of depression. But the meeting, while a scene of careful and earnest discussion, was one unusually marked by hope and Christian confidence.

There were two diverse opinions developed at the opening of the session, and the discussion occasioned by them was the most able and important debate of the occasion. A portion of the committee, with the secretaries, treasurer, and one or two of the Bishops, thought that the appropriations should be so far reduced as to permit of the payment of a large part of the debt; but Bishops Foster and Haven, Dr. Fowler, Gen. Fisk, and Mr. Price of Philadelphia, eloquently and strenuously urged the obeying the indications of Providence, and the enlarging of our mission work where the call for it seemed to be imperative. This honest conflict of opinion insured both the careful guarding of every appropriation, and the possible danger of limiting an important mission just in the hour of its chiefest promise. The grand total which the committee ask the coming year of the Church is $670,000. Of this sum $272,114 is devoted to the foreign work; $13,500 to missions in the Territories of the United States; $221,800 to domestic missions, Scandinavian, German, Chinese, Indian and English; $67,000 contingent, and $95,586 towards the payment of the debt.

The chief enlargement is in Japan, where the promise of extensive and early success is remarkable. Four additional missionaries are to be sent to Japan. We publish, this week, the admirable short speech of Bishop Wiley in reference to the extraordinary opportunity of the Church in this vigorous empire. It was also determined to establish a new Church in Italy at the important city of Naples. The report of the progress of our work in the Italian kingdom, under Dr. Vernon, was full of encouragement. Another field requiring enlarged outlays was our work in the border Conferences, and especially in the Southwestern States. A great and promising field is opening in Texas.

The annual question of the best means of distributing missionary information among our people and awakening an intelligent interest in behalf of our movement, came up for discussion, was given to a judicious committee, and then fully debated by the whole body. Our Dr. Clark urged with great earnestness the importance of having a periodical, properly edited and worthy of the Church, which he believed to be the earnest desire of our best members, vital to the enlarged prosecution of the work, and sure of being sustained. Many plans were proposed. One was for a general monthly, embracing all our great charities; Dr. Clark plead for a separate, elaborate, adequately-edited and published periodical devoted to missions; it was also proposed to issue supplements in connection with our official papers. The committee finally voted to appropriate $3,000, to be used by the secretaries and the Board in concurrence, as they may deem expedient, for the dissemination of missionary information.

With all this diversity of sentiment, the concluding votes which decided the various questions were sustained by good majorities of the committee; and the final result gave general satisfaction. The heart of the Church is sensitive to this work. While wisdom and prudence are demanded of her representative board supervising this grand interest, her membership, as a whole, feel their obligation and privilege to aid in the extension and upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, as deeply as they do to sustain their local worship and the Christian work near them. She needs but to have her old enthusiasm stirred to make a great advance upon any annual contribution that she has yet made.

The committee passed admirable resolutions in reference to the treatment of the Japanese and Chinese in this country, calling upon our government to carry out, in the full spirit of them, the treaty engagements which they have made, and to secure for these Oriental immigrants all their rights and immunities. A committee of our Bishops and laymen was appointed to co-operate with other Christian bodies in opposing unfriendly congressional measures towards these peoples, and in securing for them all the rights of humanity. The Board also passed a resolution appreciative of the interest of our editors in sustaining the Board, which may also be considered an invitation to even more earnest endeavor in the year to come.

We shall publish, next week, all the appropriations in their detailed form, with the treasurer's report and the resolutions adopted.

And now we have mapped out the work for the year to come. Our Eastern Conferences have, for a few years back, failed to reach their apportionments. It has not been for lack of love for the cause, or for any abatement of missionary zeal. The reasons are too familiar to us all. By large sacrifices and individual earnestness on the part of pastors and people, we may reach again our highest figures and even surpass them. The movement must be general, not confined to leading Churches. Every Church, however small or poor, must do something; and then we shall surprise ourselves and glorify God in an offering, in some measure, worthy of our obligation to Him.

We are indebted to Mrs. B. K. Pope, of the Mount Pleasant M. E. Church, for a remarkable specimen of the fruit of her pear orchard. It is about a whole dessert for an average family in one pear! It weighs one and a half pounds, and its mate, which hung on the same stem with it, weighed one pound eleven ounces. It is of the Duchess species, and certainly does ample honor to its class.

Editorial Items.

We are glad to learn that Dr. Webster, of South Carolina, was not arrested — as the papers have been stating for a week past. It was the Doctor's son. Senator Duncan, an intelligent colored man, elected by 1,600 majority, and having two years longer to serve in the State Senate, having been arrested on a frivolous charge, with the expectation that he would be glad to resign as the price of his freedom, the Doctor's son, who is the postmaster of the place, undertook to secure his bail. Young Webster was then arrested himself and thrown into jail. The charge on which these arrests was made was bribery — Duncan, it being alleged, having promised, in the event of his election, to use his influence to have Webster made county treasurer. Just at this time Dr. Webster returned from the North, and found his son in jail, and being treated with great brutality. He secured his release on bail. The Doctor himself, we are informed, has been personally insulted beyond the experience of all former years. There is no peace for those coming from the North, or affiliating with the Methodist Episcopal Church unless they bow in quiet submission to the excited and intolerant politicians who have the control of the State. We again ask, For what did we fight in the war of the rebellion, and what *did* that war settle? Surely, these are the things for which the God of nations has sworn to take vengeance. To oppress and imprison the innocent are crimes the punishment of which overtakes the offender in this state of being. It is seldom deferred to the Judgment.

We learn, in a note from Rev. George W. Hunt, preacher-in-charge at Moosup, Conn., of the death of Father Phineas Crandall, a much-respected superannuated member of the New England Conference. He has been for several years quite feeble, and it has been a long time since the familiar and always welcome face and figure of the truly venerable man have been seen in our Conference sessions. He died suddenly on Tuesday, November 5. His funeral occurred at Moosup on Friday, the 8th. He was a man of sterling character and superior ability as a reasoner. He was a stalwart abolitionist, but always loyal to his Church. He has filled her best pulpits, contributed to her press, and been for years, before his strength failed, a judicious and beloved Presiding Elder. Some one of his brethren of mature years will gather up the incidents of his life for the readers of our paper. He was eighty-four years of age, and has long since passed his half-century date in the ministry.

An impertinent Roman Catholic sheet in New York city published a mean and lying note, intimating that, while priests and Sisters of Charity of the Romish Church remained firm at their posts, at the South, during the terrible pestilence, and many of them bravely fell while administering to the bodies and souls of the sufferers, many of the Protestant clergy fled for their lives. In response to this, while the courage and devotion of many Catholic priests and religious women have been acknowledged, the most effectual denials of the charge against Protestants have been made. Instead of hurrying from the infected cities, many ministers who were at the North hastened back. While there happened to be in New Orleans an unusual number of unacclimated ministers who were earnestly urged by their physicians to absent themselves, the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, published in that city, says: "We do not know of a single instance in which such an invitation was accepted." It gives a list of twenty who were attacked, and had deaths in their families, while nine of them were themselves victims of the fatal results of the fever. Those who were attacked and recovered, at once, as their strength returned, resumed their blessed work of aiding the sick and dying. The same paper bears hearty tribute to the noble work of the Howards and the Y. M. C. Association. The *Presbyterian* remarks, very properly: —

"If Romish priests have displayed any special heroism, let them have credit for it. But others also have labored in the same field. If *they* have remained at work in dioceses they could not leave without permission of the Bishop, others, free to go, have remained to work, against the wishes of physicians and friends. If *they*, coming at rare intervals in contact with the fever, to perform perfunctory services, have died, others, who, in the work of charity, lived in constant intercourse with it, have also died. The true sphere of heroism is to be found under the voluntary principle, and not under an ecclesiastical acquaintance with epidemics, which reaches back nearly twenty-five years. We have never seen or heard of a priest, however justly praised, who would not be highly honored by being ranked with many of the Howards and of the Young Men's Christian Association, who are content with the honor and reward of having done their duty, without any token of public applause — men like Herndon, of New Orleans, Rockwood, of Vicksburg, Butler Anderson, of Memphis — true and gallant spirits, who 'died and made no sign.'"

The November and December *International Review* opens with a sharp, effective response from Professor P. G. Tait, of Edinburgh, to Mr. Froude's late pessimistic view of Christianity, under the title, "Does Humanity Require a New Revelation?" The Professor gives an unhesitating, No! Hon. Geo. W. Julian writes thoughtfully and earnestly upon the "Pending Ordeals of Democracy." A. R. Spofford, the librarian, has a very interesting paper upon the Government Library at Washington. Dr. John Hall writes as favorable a review as he can conscientiously of "The Final Philosophy," by Dr. Shields. Albert Rhodes, U. S. Consul, Rouen, has a good paper upon Successful Mediocrity. Prof. J. Huber gives a timely paper upon Social Democracy in Germany. Horace White considers the proper steps to be taken by moneyed institutions on the resumption of specie payment. A lively, startling, and characteristic tale is contributed by Wilkie Collins, which is a pleasant innovation upon the contents of a stately review. The final paper on Contemporary Literature, as heretofore during the year, is quite full and critical, embracing England, Germany and France, as well as this country.

The *North American Review*, for November-December, has a particularly able and suggestive paper by ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, LL. D., upon the Government of the United States. It follows happily close after the favorable criticism of our Republic by Gladstone, and admirably supplements it. The name of the author of the next paper is of itself a sensation — Hobart Pasha — an English Turk! His paper is the more interesting as its illustrations are found in the late Russo-Turkish struggle. Its title is, Systems of Offense and Defense in Naval Warfare. An old diplomatist writes upon the Congress of Berlin and its Consequences. Here is another sensation — Matsuyma Makoto gives an interesting contribution upon Japan and the Western Powers. W. R. Martin writes upon the Financial Resources of New York; Dr. Elisha Harris, upon Public Health; Dr. Samuel Osgood, upon Pessimism in the Nineteenth Century; James Parton, upon Antipathy to the Negro; Ernest Rénan, upon the Emperor Hadrian and Christianity. The tenth chapter is a critical review of some of the late contributions to current American literature. Published at 551 Broadway, N. Y.

In a private note from Rev. James Mudge, from Nynee Tal, India, in which he says his own health is good, although his family is not so well, he gives this very afflicting intelligence in reference to Mrs. Cheney, late Miss Dr. Green: —

"I suppose you will receive by some other hand some account of the very surprising death of dear Mrs. Cheney last Monday morning, Sept. 30th. She was removed from us by cholera, after less then two days' illness, having previously been in perfect health; no more robust and vigorous person, one less likely to be taken, was among us. Most suddenly and mysteriously, with no apparent cause or reason, she has vanished, amid the general mourning and consternation of the community. She was greatly beloved by her husband's congregation and people, as well as by the members of the mission. She had been applying herself very assiduously and successfully to her new duties as pastor's wife, and had made herself a large place here. Poor Brother Cheney is, as you may suppose, very sorely stricken by this swift bereavement. He had had a most happy married life of less than a year, and now his house is left unto him desolate."

The speech of Bishop Simpson at the close of the response of Dean Stanley to the address made to him by the representatives of our Church, was every way appropriate, dignified, catholic in spirit, and at the same time loyal to his own denomination; it was also patriotic, but appreciative of the fatherland, and particularly of its honored and beloved Queen, and it was devout as became a chief minister of a Church whose founder's prime object, as Dean Stanley stated it in a quotation from Alexander Knox, "was the elevation of the whole Christian world in the great principles of Christian holiness and morality." Near the close he introduced this appropriate personal incident: —

"I was wandering through Westminster Abbey, one day, and I came to the slab that bears the name of Livingstone. I saw on it the inscription, 'And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring.' I admired the beauty of the selection, and I said, 'That may refer not only to the wandering sheep in Africa, but it may also refer to the fact that Livingstone did not belong to the National Church, and yet he was an honored Christian as well as an honored explorer.' Then I said to myself, 'Is it not a law of the human frame that the more freely the blood passes out to the extremity, the firmer, the stronger, and the more warmly the heart does beat?' And then I asked myself, 'Was it not through Africa that Livingstone reached Westminster Abbey? Was it not because the blood of the Christian heart had flown to the extremity, and came back to make England's heart to grow warmer?' Then I said again, 'Was it not because John Wesley said, "The world is my parish?" and America, India, and Australia respond to-day in their achievements, that made it possible for you to open the doors of that grand old Abbey, and admit John Wesley's monument there?' His dust rests with you in England; his spirit walks our land!"

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson writes respecting the success of modern missions, in the *Foreign Missionary*, as follows: —

"Remember that modern missions are scarce a half century old. Fifty years ago the first banners were but just floating from Christian standards before the strongholds of paganism. There was scarce a single fortress of heathenism taken for Christ, and the advance towards the great centres of Mohammedan, papal and pagan superstition was scarce projected. And where today can you find any enterprise so young with results so abundant? History may be safely challenged to unroll her shining scroll and point to any record so brilliant. The men and women who from the whole Christian world have, during these fifty years, gathered against the armies of the pagan world, have been a mere handful, like Gideon's picked three hundred men. And yet all Christendom together can, with all the ten thousand appliances of gospel ordinances and organizations, show no such comparative results at home. Within less than three-quarters of a century the Bible has been furnished to every considerable nation and people on the globe, in the native tongue. The Word of God can be obtained to-day in about two hundred and fifty languages and dialects — the result of modern missions."

We hardly expect to find a work of art in a book publisher's catalogue, but we do in one just issued by Houghton, Osgood & Co. It is a fine specimen of the well-nigh perfect mechanical work of the Riverside Press. It makes an octavo volume of 235 pages, and is illustrated with a fine engraving of the noted printing establishment on the banks of the Charles River, Cambridge. The catalogue is alphabetically arranged, enabling one to avail himself, with great readiness, of its rich contents. The publications of this house cover every department of literature, but are especially rich in the productions of the poets and writers of fiction of the last and present centuries. They are equally rich in philosophy; while the publishers have made works of art a specialty. The catalogue will be of great service to librarians and all interested in gathering selections of books, and can be obtained by simply ordering it of the publishers, with ten cents accompanying the order.

The *New Englander* — this year bi-monthly — for November, opens with an article by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury upon A Scholar of the Twelfth Century — Gerald de Barri, a Welshman. President George F. Magoun writes upon the Reconstruction of the History of the Early Roman Catholic Legislation in Maryland, with Regard to Religious Freedom. Prof. M. Stuart Phelps translates an oration of M. Ernest Rénan upon Spinoza. Rev. Geo. F. Wright, of Andover, suggests the Proper Attitude of Religious Teachers towards Scientific Experts. Dr. Leonard Bacon continues his papers upon the Reaction of New England on English Puritanism in the 17th century. Prof. L. S. Potwin discusses very fairly all sides of the question, "Shall we Adhere to the English Method of Pronouncing Latin?" Prof. Thomas A. Thacher continues the discussion in an interesting and practical paper. The last chapter gives the usual amount of criticism upon current literature.

Dr. Henry M. Field, of Newton, lecturer in the Medical Department of Dartmouth College, read a very able and appreciative obituary notice of the late Prof. Albert Smith, M. D., LL.D., before the New Hampshire Medical Society, at the annual meeting held in Concord last June. Dr. Field had a fine character to portray—the ideal New England physician of the old school — a fine scholar, a respected teacher, an interested patron of every really benevolent movement of the day, and a model Christian gentleman. He has performed his task in a manner worthy of his subject, and has inscribed a fitting memorial to his revered friend. The address has been handsomely printed and published by the Republican Press Association of Concord, N. H.

The great (in bulk) *Princeton Review* for November, gives eleven papers, chiefly scientific and metaphysical. The first is by the historian, Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D., upon an important theme — National Morality — which is thoughtfully and practically treated. Principal Dawson, than whom no more evenly-balanced hand could address itself to the theme, writes upon the Rights and Duties of Science; Prof. Robert Flint, of Edinburgh, has a paper upon Philosophy as the Queen of the Sciences; ex-President Woolsey has a solid and instructive article upon the European Equilibrium; Prof. Leone Levi, of King's College, London, writes upon Copyrights and Patents; Canon George Rawlinson, of Oxford University, upon the Duties of the Higher towards Lower Races; Prof. Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, upon Man's Place in Nature. Two very interesting astronomical contributions are given, one by Simon Newcomb, LL. D., on Eclipses of the Sun, and the other by Prof. Young, of Princeton, on the Recent Solar Eclipse. Dr. McCosh replies to a criticism of Prof. Mahaffy, and President Porter, of Yale, writes upon Physiological Metaphysics.

Rev. Mr. Tyler, of Southeastern Africa, writes from Umsunduzi, near Port Natal, that encouraging news has reached him that Central Africa is about to be reached from the south. The brave, self-denying Colliard, of the French Basutu Mission, and his native evangelists, being liberated from the Matabele tribe, though refused the privilege of carrying on their mission among the Bamjal, are not to be turned back, and have struck out for a distant outpost near Zambezi River. Let a few Christian soldiers, fired with true zeal, be sent into the interior of Africa, and it will not be long before we have a cordon of stations from Natal to Lake Tanganyika. Should not this be the case? This is evidently the best and safest way to reach the interior, as by it the African fever may be avoided. Rev. Albert S. Clark was obliged to abandon the expedition of the London Missionary Society destined to Lake Tanganyika and take the route by Natal. This route is expensive, but this is of small importance in view of the magnitude of the work of taking that vast continent for Christ.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Company are now issuing their American edition of the English Quarterlies. The first that reaches us is the *British Quarterly Review*. The first article in this issue is an interesting paper upon the influence of the *Rénaissance* upon the Universities. Lessing is considered, both as a philosopher and a theologian. A very pleasant sketch of Joubert, author of "Pensées," is given. A curious antiquarian contribution, upon Butter and Cream, follows. A timely paper is contributed upon Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Austria. The lately-published and very interesting Tent Work in Palestine is favorably reviewed. Thomas Hughes' work upon the Established Church is pretty severely criticised. A very sharp and elaborate paper reviews the administration of Lord Beaconsfield, under the title of the Three Treaties. The last chapter is upon Contemporary Literature.

The *Congregationalist*, upon the testimony of several eminent clergymen and the Chief of Police of the city of New Bedford, questions the character and professions of Giovanni Cereghini, the supposed pastor of a Waldensian Church in Piedmont, whose claims were so warmly advocated, by Rev. R. H. Howard, in our paper a few weeks since. It will not be judicious to admit him to pulpits, or aid him with contributions, until certain serious charges against him have been cleared up.

The able sermon, crowded with carefully-gathered and impressive statistics, preached by Rev. D. C. Babcock, at Old Orchard, last August, upon "The Church *versus* the Liquor System," has been published by the National Temperance Society in a neat pamphlet. Its publication was asked for by those who heard it delivered, headed by Neal Dow. It will be valuable for reference on account of its startling statistics, while it is a wholesome tract for general circulation.

The second of the series of missionary meetings will be held at Lowell the present week. There will be a grand union meeting on Friday evening, at which addresses may be expected from Bishops Peck and Foster, and Drs. Reid or Dashiell, missionary secretaries, and Dr. Foss, of Wesleyan University. Missionary Conference Saturday morning at 10 o'clock; missionary love-feast at 7.30 P. M. Missionary services will be held in the various churches on the Sabbath.

Mr. Eben Shute, 52 Bromfield Street, publishes a very neat, ingenious and well-executed card, prepared by Rev. R. R. Meredith, giving, chronologically, all the chief incidents, with their dates, in the life of our Lord. By a simple, but happy arrangement of several different shades of color on the chart, the locality of their occurrence is at once seen. The card is about the size of a royal octavo page, and is very handy for constant reference. Price 25 cents.

ERRATA. — In the sermon by Rev. W. L. Phillips, published last week, in the sentence, "stuffed to repletion with other Gospel sugar-plums," etc., read "stones" instead of "thorns." Also in the first quotation from Dr. Wise read "theories" instead of "thrones" of the household.

In the obituary of Mrs. Bishop, which appears in the present issue, the hymn particularly referred to is the 958th of the old collection: —

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest —
That only bliss for which it pants—
In the Redeemer's breast."

NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Charlestown. — Trinity Church, Bunker Hill district, greets the Churches of New England Methodism with song and shout to-day. By the grace of God we are where and what we are. On the 29th of September, Edward Kimball, esq., of Chicago, the "debt-raiser," came to us in the name of God, and without clap-trap, without stimulation, with purely gospel methods, and with appeals to the abiding faith and to the conscience of the Church, secured $20,000 in pledges conditioned upon the subscription of the *last* dollar of the $31,000 debt.

At this point the pastor felt compelled to enter upon the discouraging task of securing the balance, and the trustees nobly aided. The property known as the Winchester bequest, and which at one time was actually valued at a sum sufficient to discharge all the mortgages upon the church, but which is now itself heavily encumbered, was sold, and the amounts above the mortgages credited to the subscription. The good work so rapidly advanced that the trustees appointed Thursday evening, October 31st, as the time of jubilee. The ladies served a "harvest supper" in the vestry, and at its close, the audience-room was filled with rejoicing people. It was found, however, that the expectations of the brethren had not fully been realized in the direc-

tion of the subscriptions, and Mr. Kimball again assumed the position of solicitor. The full reports of the HERALD render the details of this service unnecessary. The whole amount of $31,000 was rapidly pledged, the doxology was sung — as never before in Trinity Church — the choir sang an anthem, and at a late hour the people were dismissed.

The subscriptions have but one year to run. The interest on the debt and all possible shrinkages on the subscriptions have been pledged. December 4, 1878, has been appointed as cash day, at which time the trustees confidently expect that from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars of the subscriptions will be paid.

Trinity Church has not simply provided to pay her debts, but has cast from her the incubus of property in stores and dwellings. Above all, the spiritual interests of the Church have never seemed, in my pastorate, to receive more attention from men or greater blessing from God than now. With an unfaltering trust in the Lord of Hosts, whose "holy arm hath gotten Him the victory," we go forward.

A. A. WRIGHT.

Brookline. — A concert was given in the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, October 29, for the benefit of the M. E. Church by the choir of the Meridian Street Church, East Boston, assisted by some readers from Chelsea — Mr. Strahand and Miss Young. Both readers were well received. The singers from East Boston gave a concert at Brookline last season, and were so liked that they were eagerly called for again. Miss Stuitevant's singing was charming, and the whole group, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Roby, did finely. They were repeatedly *encored.* •

Natick. — The anniversary exercises of the Methodist society in Natick, took place at the church, Oct. 25. The members of the Church, friends and former pastors, gathered at an early hour, and at 6.30 partook of a bountiful repast, provided by ladies of the society. Some three hundred enjoyed this feast. Next on the programme was a history of the Church by the pastor.

In August, 1834, several persons met at the house of Rev. Isaac Jennison, and organized a company for the purpose of building a Methodist church in Natick. Each of them agreed to pay $25. Rev. Isaac Jennison, Levi Felch and John Jennings were appointed a building committee. They bought the square where now stands Clark's Block, and attempted to build. The Congregational society objected to their building on that spot, and so they moved to the lot now occupied by the engine house. Several persons, not liking this change, left. The church building was completed and dedicated July 4, 1835, Rev. Abel Stevens preaching the dedication sermon. The total expense of the church was $3 300. In 1844, the society built a parsonage on Summer Street, at an expense of $500. April 27, 1868, the church building was sold for $5,000. In September, 1868, the land on which the new church stands was purchased for $2,200. In February, 1873, a committee was appointed to build the present church, which was completed and dedicated July 4, 1874, the sermon being delivered by Rev. John Cookman.

The rest of the programme was a blackboard exercise. The pastor had quite ingeniously arranged in spaces upon the blackboard the sum of $500. The congregation very happily thus pledged $400 before leaving. Rev. N. D. George and Rev. J. S. Whedon, two of the former pastors, were present to enliven the occasion. The latter returned and preached Sunday morning. His many friends were not only glad to see him, but also to hear his eloquent sermon. It was a late hour before the exercises were over, but every one went home satisfied that an evening thus spent is an inspiration for years to come. The outlook for the future of Methodism was never grander than at the present time. E.

Webster. — One of the most excellent and profitable Sunday-school conventions ever held on Worcester district, convened October 9th, at the M. E. Church, Webster, Presiding Elder L. R. Thayer, presiding. The morning session was spent in listening to an essay by the pastor, Rev. S. B. Sweetser, in place of Rev. S. C. Carey (who was detained by sickness), upon "Encouragements for the Average Teacher," and an address by F. A. Clapp, esq., of Worcester, to teachers, upon the preparation of the lesson. An excellent and abundant collation was served by the ladies of the Church at noon in the vestry, to three hundred guests from abroad.

The afternoon service opened with a beautiful responsive service conducted by the superintendent of the school, the choir and congregation. Then came an essay by Rev. Charles E. Davis, of Webster, upon "How far shall Relative and Skeptical Matter be allowed in the Sunday-school?" which elicited a sharp discussion. Following this was perhaps the most interesting exercise of all, the whole convention resolving itself into a Bible class for an hour, which was ably conducted by Rev. R. R. Meredith, of Boston. It was well supplemented by an interesting blackboard lesson from Mr. H. F. Smart, of Worcester. The final address upon "How to win the heart for Christ," by Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Worcester, was earnest and suggestive. From beginning to end, the papers and discussions were more than ordinarily practical, and hence valuable to Sunday-school workers. The Worcester *Spy*, in its account of the convention, thus speaks of the school with which it was held: "The Webster Sunday-school is in charge of Mr. C. C. Corbin, and is a very strong and earnest organization. The pastor of the Church, Rev. S. B. Sweetser, is in the second year of his pastorate, and the society was never so strong as at the present time." •

East Mansfield. — The First M. E. Church at this place is enjoying a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Ghost. During the past week fourteen have asked prayers, and a number of them profess to have found peace in believing. Still there are more to follow. E. W.

Ware. — On the evening of Oct. 14th, the pastor of the M. E. Church, Rev. J. Peterson, and his wife, were "surprised" by their friends who came to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. All denominations were well represented, and the Methodist and temperance societies of the town were present in force. A poem prepared for the occasion was read by one of the company, and greenbacks and silver and other articles of value were presented as "crystal" gifts by the pastor of the Unitarian Church.

A successful course of lectures has been inaugurated by the young people of the Methodist society in this town. Drs. Upham and Mallalieu have already lectured to large and highly-appreciative audiences. Oct. 24th the pastor baptized one person by immersion, and Nov. 3d two were received by letter and two from probation. •

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT.

At the last district conference the appointment of the committees of examination was assigned to the Presiding Elder. They are as follows: Candidates for license. A. N. Bodfish, G. H. Lamson. First year, G. M. Hamlen, C. S. Nutter, C. E. Walker; second year, S. J. Carroll, H. H. Martin, J. F. Sheffield. Examination of candidates for admission into the traveling connection: J. E. Hawkins, W. F. Whitcher, W. L. Phillips. Candidates for deacons' orders: W. F. Steele, C. N. Hinckley, S. M. Beale. Candidates for elders' orders: J. Livesey, R. H. Burt, E. McChesney.

All unordained local preachers must pass through the four years' course. This applies alike to those just licensed and those who have been licensed for years. Pastors having local preachers in their Churches will please call their attention to this notice.

The district conference will be appointed as soon as its location is decided.

W. H. STETSON.

NORTH BOSTON DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.

This association held a very pleasant session at Leominster, beginning October 22. The meeting was called to order, at 1.30 P. M., by the resident pastor, Rev. E. A. Smith, and Rev. Frederick Woods, of Fitchburg, was elected chairman. After brief devotional exercises the remainder of the first afternoon was spent in the reading and the discussion of the essay on, "In what sense did Adam die on the day that he sinned?" presented by Rev. L. W. Staples, of Lunenburg. All regretted very much the illness, and consequent absence, of Presiding Elder Rogers, who was to preach Tuesday evening. Rev. F. Woods was elected in his stead, and preached a very excellent and impressive sermon from John xii, 32.

Wednesday forenoon was mostly spent in the discussion of the new Hymnal. Rev. W. M. Ayers read an essay reviewing the Hymnal.

In the afternoon, Rev. W. D. Bridge read an essay on the "Second Advent of Christ, pre-millenial or post-millenial — which?" The essayist held very strongly to the premillennial view, while most of the preachers held very tenaciously to the post-millenial view; hence a very sharp discussion followed the essay.

On invitation of Brother Ayers, the preachers voted to hold their next meeting at Clinton, December 10 and 11. A vote of thanks was passed to Brother Smith and his people for their cordial welcome and entertainment. Then followed the doxology, and we separated to our different fields of labor to pursue with more zeal than ever our precious work of winning souls to Jesus.

L. W. STAPLES, Secretary.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.

West Worthington circuit received a new impulse from the tabernacle meetings held in that town. Four persons were baptized in the tabernacle by Dr. Ela. Many were awakened, and the work has made progress since. South Worthington (Brother White, pastor) also gathered some fruit from these services. Perhaps a dozen from that congregation came forward as seekers during the meetings.

East Coleraine and Leyden profited largely by the tabernacle meetings held at the former place, and the good work has not ceased yet. Bro. Howard has found favor with the people, old and young.

In Coleraine charge (Bro. John Capen, pastor) several conversions have occurred, and pastor and people are happily united.

Conway, Brother Mesler's charge, is enjoying a prosperous season. Special services have resulted in a number of conversions, and the work is still progressing. Brother Cole, of Charlemont, has assisted in these services to the pleasure and profit of the people.

In Charlemont, Bro. Cole has been preaching to increasing congregations. In one of his out-post appointments twelve or fifteen have sought Christ. Bro. Cole's family have been greatly afflicted in the death of an infant son, and also in the sickness of a daughter with typhoid fever. His wife also is in very ill health.

At Trinity Church, Springfield, 29 were received into full membership, the first Sunday in October — a part of the fruitage of last winter's labors. Dr. Upham is greatly beloved by his people. •

MAINE.

Hallowell. — The work of revival is progressing in the M. E. Church in Hallowell. Recently six persons have given themselves to the Lord. G.

Solon. — Rev. H. B. Wardwell and family received a very pleasant and agreeable "pounding" from a gathering of young friends at the Methodist vestry in this place on Thursday, Oct. 24. The occasion was highly appreciated and enjoyed. •

Lewiston. — Hammond Street M. E. Church has discontinued its afternoon service, and instead has a popular evening service. The large audience-room has been crowded to repletion, and the gallery has been temporarily seated. Nov. 3d, every seat in the house was filled. After the sermon a social service is held. The Church has been divided into eight bands, who hold weekly cottage-meetings in different parts of the city. These meetings combined make a city circuit, which the pastor visits weekly in turn. •

Mechanic Falls. — We have just closed a series of meetings under the labors of Bro. E. Davies, with good results. A number of backsliders were reclaimed, and several have been converted. A good work has been done. Brother D. is an earnest worker, with faith enough never to know defeat. •

Durham. — The good work of revival is still going forward in the M. E. Church at Durham, under the faithful labors of the pastor, Rev. D. Church. The Church has been wonderfully blessed and quickened. Some forty have made a start to lead a new life. Among them are a number of children and some heads of families. •

Items. — The revival interest in Saccarappa continues with increasing power. The work includes all classes and conditions of life. Many scholars of the Sabbath-school have been converted, and give good evidence of a change of heart. Among the converts is a Catholic family, all of whom have been saved. Wolfe and Dille are still here, and are pushing the battle to the gates of the enemy. These men are admirably fitted for the work of evangelists, and God is blessing their labors in this place. Several reformed men have been converted in the meetings. We ask the prayers of God's people for a still greater work.

Father King, of Gray, who had nearly reached his hundredth year, died at his residence in West Gray, last week. He was one of the oldest Methodists in this vicinity, and much beloved. His funeral was attended by Rev. Brother Gerry, his pastor. A large concourse of people was present at the funeral.

The Methodist Churches in Portland are organizing a series of revival meetings, to be held in each of the three churches on successive weeks.

The *Chronicle* says the Methodist Church of Wilton has been undergoing repairs, and is greatly improved. An orchestra has been placed on the left of the pulpit, the church newly carpeted, and new furniture procured for the pulpit. The Sunday-school library contains 1,600 volumes, selected under the supervision of Superintendent Furnel. The Church is prospering under the pastorate of Rev. J. B. Lapham. •

Rev. W. S. McIntyre, assisted by Rev. F. Keyes, is holding a series of revival meetings at South Waterford with good success.

Rev. J. Collins, of Conway, N. H., is pushing the battle against intemperance vigorously on his charge and the vicinity. He has organized a course of temperance lectures in Conway, on his own responsibility, lecturing and scattering tracts on rum and tobacco through the town. Rev. P. Jaques, Presiding Elder of Portland district, and Mrs. Fitzgerald have lectured recently, and a good interest has been awakened. Temperance organizations have been formed at North Conway, Centre and Corner. The ladies have circulated a petition requesting the selectmen of the town to suppress the sale of liquor there. A good religious interest also prevails on Brother Collins' charge. Several have risen for prayers, and some of them give promise of usefulness in the Church. Brother Collins' vigorous policy will produce vigorous converts. L.

The Kent's Hill praying-band have been assisting Brother N. C. Clifford at Livermore Centre a few Sabbaths, and there seems to be a deep religious interest among the people. The congregations are large, and quite a number have sought the Lord.

At Britton's Mills, on the same charge, Brother Clifford is building a new chapel. The religious interest there seems to be on the increase.

The Methodist Society at Kittery (Spruce Creek) have commenced work on their new church. The old church is taken down, and on the same spot will go up a neat, new church, with a nice vestry. The young ladies' sewing circle are raising money for the carpets.

The exercises of the W. F. M. Society, which were held on a recent Sunday in Bearce Hall, at Kent's Hill, were very interesting. The speakers were Brother Munger, Sister Hamilton, of Brooklyn, Mrs. J. L. Morse and Mary Russell. Quite a sum of money was raised for the society. B.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL AT AUGUSTA.

The semi-centennial anniversary of the M. E. Church, Augusta, was celebrated Oct. 26-28, commencing Saturday evening, with a beautiful anthem from the choir. C. F. Allen, D. D., of Orono, preached the anniversary sermon, his text being John xv, 16. The theme of the discourse was the value and permanence of Christian work. In the year 1800 Rev. E. Kilby, a stranger, came into the small village of Augusta, and held a meeting in a hall, and with well-chosen words set forth clearly the plan of salvation, free to all who would come and accept it. At the close, Judge Coney came forward, and throwing down a silver dollar, remarked, "I like your sentiments, sir," and called upon others to contribute. This was the first Methodist sermon delivered in Augusta. Brother Kilby's circuit extended from Winthrop to the northerly part of Sandy River, from the Kennebec River to the Androscoggin. He met with some success in Hallowell, which laid the foundation of a Church there. Augusta was for a time embraced with that charge. In 1807 the first class was formed, four miles out of the village, in the Wade neighborhood, J. Beale, leader. Elisha Robinson led the first class in the village. He selected the spot where the State house now stands as a site for the erection of a seminary of learning. The founding of the seminary at Kent's Hill took its place. The removal of the capital from Portland to Augusta was discussed, and one objection urged against it was that "there were no suitable church accommodations in Augusta." The society went to work, and readily receiving aid from without, erected a chapel, which was dedicated Oct. 27, 1828, Rev. J. N. Maffit preaching the dedicatory sermon. In 1848 this house was sawn in two, and twenty pews inserted. In 1855 the church was raised from its foundations and a vestry built beneath. In 1868 the house was again sawn in two, the other way just above the pews, and the upper part raised, to give the room a fair proportionate height. The house was remodeled and beautified, tower and spire built, a new bell put in, and also a new church organ. Reviewing the work of the pastors, the preacher closed, by saying, "Though the workmen may die, the work is permanent, and when other lips shall note the history of the centennial, it will be found that their fruit has remained."

Sunday morning the church was crowded with people who came to listen to a rich sermon by Dr. C. C. McCabe, of Chicago. His text was found in 2 Cor. iv, 18. Sunday afternoon was devoted to temperance; and, to accommodate the multitude, Granite Hall was engaged. The mayor, Charles Nash, presided. Joshua Nye, the great temperance worker, was the first speaker, and Dr. McCabe held a closely-attentive audience for an hour. Sunday evening, J. B. Husted, the oldest pastor present, preached a short discourse, after which remarks were made by other preachers present.

Monday afternoon was devoted to the Sunday-school. Brother Joshua Heath, a former superintendent, addressed the school, followed by Brother Dunn of Waterville, Joshua Nye of the Congregational Church, Augusta, Rev. Charles Allen, and Chaplain McCabe. Monday evening the anniversary services closed with the reunion of pastors, which was an intensely-interesting occasion. Rev. Seth Beale, of the East Maine Conference, formerly a resident of Augusta, and son of a former pastor, called the roll. Rev. W. M. Sterling, present pastor, read letters from former pastors still living, who were unable to be present. There have been thirty-one pastors, fifteen of whom walk among the stars. Of the fourteen Presiding Elders nine have passed away. Five of the Presiding Elders have been pastors of this Church. The Church, at the present time, is in a prosperous condition. A new vestry is very much needed to meet the wants of the people, and the society contemplate enlarging the old one and raising the church to obtain a better height to the room. A MEMBER.

EAST MAINE.

The pastor of the Methodist Church in Machias has recently received seventeen on probation into the Church, and given the right hand of Christian fellowship to four candidates. Three persons were baptized during the quarterly meeting, Sabbath, Oct. 27th. Mrs. Biram, the pastor's wife, holds a children's meeting each Saturday, which is regularly attended by a large number of children, and promises the largest good to them, and in them to the Church.

Gen. Matthew Hastings, a faithful and prominent member of the Methodist Church, died at his residence in Calais, Oct. 17, aged 83 years.

A revival of religion of great power is in progress at Turner's Corner, Whitefield. Meetings are held daily, and old and young of both sexes are coming to the Lord.

Revival meetings are being held in Rockland, under the direction of the Y. M. C. Association. A goodly number of persons have expressed a desire to live a Christian life.

An increasing religious interest is enjoyed at Mill River, Harrington. A number have risen for prayers. Brother Winslow has received one on probation, baptized eight candidates, and received six persons to full membership in the Church during the present quarter thus far.

The work of repairing the Methodist church in Ellsworth, and putting a vestry under the auditory, is rapidly approaching completion. Already plans are under consideration to add a parsonage to the church property in Ellsworth.

Revival meetings are held by the pastor of the Methodist Church at Bucksport with some degree of success. C. A. P.

BANGOR DISTRICT.

The M. E. Church at Brewer has purchased the organ of the Union Street Methodists of Bangor, recently exchanged for a larger one. It has been set up, and on Nov. 5th, they held an organ concert. These societies have done a good thing for themselves. Improvement in music is strength.

Rev. Mr. Bennett, of Lincoln, is prospering, and the enterprising society are repairing and beautifying their church (Methodist). A clock is to be put into the belfry, which must be of interest to the whole village, as it can be seen in all parts of this stirring place.

The friends at Mattawamkeag are moving towards the erection of a church. Mr. Asa Smith has given them a valuable lot. Rev. Mr. Bennett labors here half of the time, and much interest is felt among the people. Six have recently desired the prayers of the Church.

At Winn a class is to be organized and Methodist preaching secured for a quarter of the time until Conference. B.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Newport. — October 20th was a good day with the M. E. Church in this place. There was a largely-attended love-feast in the morning, and in the forenoon Presiding Elder G. J. Judkins preached an impressive sermon from 1 John ii, 1. In the afternoon the ordinance of baptism was administered to nine persons at the altar, chiefly young men and young ladies. Others sought the Lord in the evening. Twelve have united on probation since Conference. •

Gleanings. — The Tabernacle M. E. Church, Manchester, Rev. L. E. Gordon, pastor, gave a grand festival in Music Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 8. In connection with the festival a paper was published called the *Tabernacle Herald*, which was well filled with advertisements and interesting reading matter. The Tabernacle Church is moving heroically along, and is bound to succeed.

The fifth N. H. Sunday-school convention was held last week at Keene, commencing Tuesday evening, and closing Thursday evening. There was a good attendance of delegates and visitors, and the convention was one of much interest. Rev. Mr. Waterman, of Dover, one of the vice-presidents, presided. Dr. Barrows, who was chosen president a year ago, has since died. Among those who took part in the convention were well-known Sunday-school workers of New Hampshire and from abroad. Obituaries were read of Rev. Dr. Barrows and Rev. G. C. Powell, who was one of the executive committee.

Rev. W. O. White, who has been pastor of the Unitarian Church of Keene twenty-seven years, preached his farewell sermon Nov. 3. His departure is much regretted by his society. Over the pulpit was the motto in evergreen, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. 1851-1878."

Rev. C. F. Myers, who for three years has been pastor of the Baptist Church at Peterborough, was recently excluded from the pulpit and dismissed from the ministry by a unanimous vote of an ecclesiastical council, on account of gross immoralities.

The Congregational Church of Hollis, which has been for some time without a pastor, has extended a call to Rev. E. B. Scott, of Milton Falls, to act in that capacity for a year.

The First Baptist Society of Manchester, (William Hayne Leavell, pastor) has paid the debt of $20,000, which it has been for some time carrying.

The New Boston Congregationalists are building a $2,000 church, and have most of the money pledged.

Rev. D. B. Murray has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at North Hampton, and Rev. C. E. Milliken that of Littleton.

The Methodists of Jefferson are enjoying an excellent revival.

Special meetings are being held in Landaff (Rev. Charles Cressey, pastor) looking to a revival, and Rev. C. J. Fowler is assisting the pastor. H.

RHODE ISLAND.

The first Sunday in the month was a great day at Mathewson Street Church. Rev. Dr. Trafton, whose services are always most welcome to his former parishioners in Providence, preached to a crowded house. After the sermon the pastor received fifty-six persons from probation into full membership, the fruit of the revival of last winter and spring. Brother Jones has been most assiduous in the care of these converts, and now has the happiness of seeing a large accession of strength as well as numbers to this vigorous Church.

Dr. Talbot preached a sermon to his people on the 1st inst., commemorative of Bro. Titus, who served the Church at Phenix four years. The discourse was full of interest, having much reference to the personal character of the deceased, who was greatly beloved at Phenix.

Ten persons were baptized by immersion by Brothers Cady and Ballou at Pawtucket on the 1st inst.

On account of the engagements of Rev. Dr. Schauffler, the R. I. S. S. Convention has been postponed to some time in December.

Brother John H. Crowell, of the Mathewson Street Church, has gone abroad, to be absent six months or more.

Dr. Whedon has returned from Florida in good health, having had a very enjoyable time. L.

Rev. Joseph Cook gives three lectures in Troy this season. The first one was delivered November 1.

Rev. N. G. Spaulding, formerly a member of the Troy Conference, and recently supplying Stuyvesant Falls, is compelled to desist from pastoral work by reason of a slight stroke of paralysis.

[Church News also on 2d, 7th and 8th pages.]

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Dedication of M. E. Chapel, at Goshen, N. H.,	Nov. 14
North Boston District S. S. Convention (for programme see HERALD of Oct. 24), at Fitchburg,	Nov. 20
Semi-centennial of the M. E. Church, Gardiner, Me. (continuing through the week, and over the Sabbath), commences	Dec. 4
Dover Dis. Min. Asso. (for programme see HERALD of Oct. 10), at Grace Ch., Haverhill, Mass.,	Dec. 10, 11

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES — 1879.

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
New England,	———	April 2,	Simpson.
New Hampshire,	Plymouth,	April 9,	Foster,
Providence,	Taunton,	April 16,	Haven.
Maine,	Portland,	April 23,	Foster.
Vermont,	Swanton,	May 1,	Harris.
East Maine,	Dover,	May 7,	Foster.

DEDICATION OF M. E. CHAPEL, GOSHEN, N. H., Nov. 14, 1878. Dedicatory services 2.30, p. m., conducted by Presiding Elder G. J. Judkins. Sermon by Rev. E. R. Wilkins, of Laconia. Addresses, at 7 p. m., by former pastors and others. Neighboring Churches cordially invited.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE M. E. CHURCH OF GARDINER, ME., will be celebrated next month — services commencing Dec. 4, and continuing through the week and over the Sabbath. Former pastors are cordially invited to be present. A more comprehensive notice hereafter.

GEO. D. LINDSAY.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS FOR BUCKSPORT DISTRICT. — The pastor and speaker appointed will fix the time and place of meeting.

CHARGE.	SPEAKERS.
Bucksport,	C. B. Besse, G. Forsyth.
Bucksport Centre,	J. A. Plumer, S. Wentworth.
Orland, etc.,	S. Wentworth, J. A. Plumer.
Orrington,	V. P. Wardwell, D. M. True.
Orrington Centre,	D. M. True, V. P. Wardwell.
Searsport,	T. B. Tupper, T. Gerrish.
Belfast,	T. Gerrish, T. B. Tupper.
Castine,	B. S. Arey, C. B. Besse.
Penobscot, etc.,	M. D. Miller, B. S. Arey.
Deer Isle,	Z. Davis, J. W. Strout.
Brooklin,	J. W. Strout, M. D. Miller.
Surry,	B. C. Blackwood, J. H. Mooers.
Ellsworth,	J. H. Mooers, B. C. Blackwood.
Tremont, etc.,	R. H. McGown, B. F. Stinson.
Cranberry Isle,	B. F. Stinson, R. H. McGown.
Franklin, etc.,	J. L. Bridgham, R. M. Wilkins.
Gouldsboro', etc.,	R. M. Wilkins, J. L. Bridgham.
Millbridge, etc.,	W. H. Crawford, G. G. Winslow.
Harrington, etc.,	G. G. Winslow, W. H. Crawford.
Colum. Falls, etc.,	S. M. Dunton, J. W. Williams.
Addison,	J. W. Williams, S. M. Dunton.
Machias,	J. Biram, C. Rogers.
East Machias,	A. J. Lockhart, C. T. Estabrook.
Cutler,	C. Rogers, J. Biram.
Pembroke,	J. Alexander, F. D. Handy.
Edmunds, etc.,	C. T. Estabrook, A. J. Lockhart.
Eastport,	F. D. Handy, J. Alexander.
Calais,	G. N. Eldridge, L. D. Wardwell.
Milltown,	L. D. Wardwell, G. N. Eldridge.
Robbinston, etc.,	W. Baldwin, P. J. Robinson.
Alexander, etc.,	P. J. Robinson, W. Baldwin.

Give early attention to the Missionary work. Raise the apportionments for the Missionary treasury. Do not neglect the other benevolent causes.

C. A. PLUMER,
L. D. WARDWELL.

Marriages.

In this city, Nov. 5, by Rev. William S. Studley, D. D., J. Theodore Gurney to Mary Livingstone, daughter of Seth Whittier.

In Williamsburg, Mass., Sept. 28, by Rev. H. Matthews, W. H. Taylor to Miss Celestia Irish.

In Leyden, Oct. 30, by Rev. E. A. Howard, Fred A. Cowan, of Welna, N. Y., to Nora H. Foster, of L.

In Lowell, Sept. 10, by Rev. Melville B. Chapman, Edgar E. Johnston to Miss Fannie A. Randall; Oct. 15, Wm. B. York to Miss Aramantha Mitchell, of Newfield, Me.

In Quincy, Oct. 20, by Rev. R. W. Harlow, Geo. H. Loud, of Milton, to Miss Martha J. Edwards, of Laconia, N. H.

In Wakefield, July 10, by Rev. G. C. Osgood, Cyrus W. Pitman, of Malden, to Miss Emma G. Jenkins, of W.; Oct. 12, Lester K. Finney to Carrie L. Nickerson, both of W.

In Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 14, by Rev. J. M. Durrell, La Roy B. Fitts to Ellen F. Thurston, both of H.

At Ludlow Centre, Oct. 31, by Rev. C. H. Vinton, George H. Crowningshield to Miss Elsie Davis, both of L.

In Wethersfield, Conn., Nov. 7, by Rev. G. W. Wooding, Wm. M. Frisbie, of New Haven, to Miss M. Lizzie Wooding, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In South Berwick, Me., Oct. 19, by Rev. G. F. Cobb, Solon S. Andrews, of Biddeford, Me., to Miss Addie I. Cobb, of S. B., daughter of the officiating clergyman; same day, Isaac Edgecomb, of Great Falls, N. H., to Miss Ellen J. Goodwin, of S. B.

Deaths.

In Benton, Me., Oct. 22, Clara E. Pratt, aged 16 years, 9 months and 22 days.

Zion's Herald.

Free the Remainder of the Year to all New Subscribers.

Price $2.50, and 20 cts. Additional for Postage.

—o—

New Subscribers who will forward their names shall receive the HERALD *free* the balance of the year; and on receiving the full amount of the subscription price, their papers will be marked paid to Jan. 1, 1880. Those who wish to subscribe, and do not find it convenient to pay now, can order the paper at once (that they may have the full benefit of the three months offered free), and forward the money between this and Jan. 1st. As a special inducement to *old* and *new* subscribers, either one of the following premium pictures will be given to each subscriber who will forward his subscription direct to our office before Jan. 1st.

The Faithful Wife at Home.

A fine steel engraving, representing a charming and instructive incident in the life of the royal and noble Lucretia, whose name has for well-nigh two thousand years brightened the pages of history, and whose statue may to this day be seen by travelers in Rome, so deeply and lovingly is she enshrined in the hearts of her people. This beautiful engraving is a fitting ornament for any household. Size 20 x 24.

SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.

Another beautiful engraving representing a happy group of children of all ages, on the sunny side of a hill, with lambs sporting in their midst. A spirited and taking picture, which will at once elicit the sympathy and admiration of the old and young. Size, 20 x 24.

— THE —

March of Miles Standish,

A TINTED LITHOGRAPH.

One of the most desirable and expensive pictures that has been offered by *any paper*, as a premium. A few years since it was given with the HERALD by payment of 50 cents extra. *Never* before offered to subscribers free of *charge.*

It is an historic scene, representing eight Pilgrims, led by Miles Standish, with an Indian Chief — Hobomok for a scout, marching from the barren coast of Plymouth Bay to quell a hostile demonstration of Indians.

Either of the pictures named will be given to *new* or *old* subscribers who pay *one year in advance* for the HERALD before the close of the present year.

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For the convenience of all our subscribers, who may wish to take the leading Magazines and Weeklies, arrangements have been made with the publishers, so that they can be offered on the following favorable terms with ZION'S HERALD. The first column of figures gives the price of the publication per year, and the second the price of the two, including ZION'S HERALD.

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National Repository	3.00	5.00
Golden Hours	1.60	4.00
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American Agriculturist	1.50	3.75

If any of the above publications are wanted, the money must accompany the order. ZION'S HERALD will be sent free to new subscribers the remainder of the year. All who wish to subscribe can send their orders at once, and forward the subscription any time before Jan. 1st., but none of the above periodicals will be sent until the money is received. Address Publisher ZION'S HERALD, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Money can be forwarded by post-office orders, or bank checks; or when these modes of sending *are not available*, the currency can be forwarded by mail at our risk.

We earnestly appeal to every minister to make an effort to increase the number of subscribers to ZION'S HERALD on his charge. Lists have already been sent to the preachers. If any names have been omitted please inform, and they will be sent at once.

Will each reader of the paper recommend it to his neighbor who may not be a subscriber.

We want a HERALD read in every Methodist family in New England.

From no other source can an equal amount of good reading be obtained for so little money. The paper contains an average of *forty-two columns of reading matter* per week, and costs the reader but 5 cts.

Each number contains articles from a great variety of pens, affording the most valuable information upon all the important topics of the day, while it never loses sight of the fact that it is a *religious* paper, and is received into the family as an instructor in spiritual things. All letters on business should be directed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

The Family.

REST.

BY REV. N. W. JORDAN.

Tears dim my eyes, my way-worn feet are tired,
My soul oppressed;
With longing heart I seek the vale desired,
Where I may rest.

Be patient, heart! thy path may cross a waste
Of barren sand,
But thou art nearing still with eager haste
The promised land.

Sometimes His chastisements are hard to bear,
But He knows best;
And so I try to breathe a trustful prayer
For rest, for rest.

Thank God! the weary race will soon be run.
Adown the west
'Mid radiant clouds descends life's setting sun—
Soon I will rest.

Kezar Falls, Me.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

BY JENNY BURR.

It stood by the dusty road and near the village "store," a small, dingy place, much haunted by idle men and boys who told stories and talked politics while they smoked tobacco and ate dried herring. It was a small, wooden building, painted white, with a "stoop" on front, supported by several pillars, and a modest steeple at the top. Rigidly plain as it was, and almost profanely secular in its surroundings, yet a kind of sanctity rayed from it and an impressiveness which nothing could quite overcome. A good deal more terror than tenderness was associated with it, though there were not many alarming sermons preached from its pulpit, and the minister had a round, good-natured face not calculated to inspire fear. It must have been his voice which was so forbidding. It was a slow, deep voice, which seemed to proceed from a cavern or some underground region. What the voice said, I have totally forgotten. It rumbled monotonously through the long sermon, bearing nothing to the heart of a child but its own sound, and afterwards hollow, empty echoes.

For so small a church the bell was an uncommonly good one. It was mellow-toned and deep, and was never made ridiculous by those faint, far-away sounds which on certain Sundays were audible from the church-bells of the town four miles off. Those distant chimes could not have been more suggestive if they had come from the skies. I remember the strange, vague emotions they excited — a certain wild restlessness mixed with a sharp passion of regret. The life of the town and the world was in them strangely blended with the Sabbath solemnity and peace.

On the way to the meeting-house these vagrant fancies were pretty well put to flight by the clangor of the bell in the steeple. At sight of the people assembling for worship, a kind of trepidation seized me, which the loud peals from above much aggravated, so that on mounting the steps, each stroke gave me a violent blow, the crushing effect of which it seemed certain the people must observe.

This was a good deal better than to be late. There was something awful in the silence which followed the bell-ringing, and in that creak of the iron-handled door which usually accompanied the opening of it. I am afraid a good deal of time was often wasted in peeping through the key-hole, out of sheer dread of going in. Once inside, it was indeed actually dizzying to meet the united gaze of several dozens of people, especially to a child conscious of an old dress and unfashionable bonnet. The momentary relief of hiding behind the stairs was followed by the worse trial of having one's head appear above the last one in full view of the choir and the side galleries. This terror made walking to a seat a wholly mechanical operation, and if done without tripping, was matter for fervent thanksgiving.

It is probable the builders of Puritan meeting-houses never stopped while building to reflect upon the difficulty a child would find to be reverential. The moral power radiating from the high pulpit and the square pews needed to be strong when pine floors were bare, and white walls stared so blankly in the worshiper's face. This meeting-house was not only intensely plain, but neglected. The green paper shades at the small-paned windows were in a dilapidated state; the cushions of the seats were faded and homely; the two grim stoves on each side of the door were rust-eaten, and the stove-pipes which went wandering into the galleries over one's head in comical zigzags had decorated that end of the wall where they stopped with absurd streaks and patches of dirty yellow. From always having been there, those uncouth frescoes became a part of the building, as inseparable from it as the Bible on the desk of the pulpit or that round, uncomfortable edge of wood which topped all the seats. Finally there came a day of speculation as to their origin. It is curious to remember the dawn of this idea out of an impression formed by such an aggregate of long Sundays — a life-time of eight summers.

In this small meeting-house the men and women had each their own side of the house — a custom pretty rigidly adhered to except in the case of a solitary couple. In spite of this exception, on a certain Sunday afternoon when a young man from the next town marched up the woman's aisle with his wife, a far greater stir was created in the assembly than could be accounted for by the smart clothes they wore. The rustle of the lady's silk called attention more to her husband's daring than to its own richness. As for him, his bearing was so proud, he somehow made me think of an emperor.

As he turned out to be only a dry-goods merchant, the little congregation must have been very rustic in aspect. There were a few who essayed to wear fine clothes, and a bright red shawl now and then enlivened the grave interior. Hoods were worn by women and girls in winter, and the boys had brilliant scarfs wound around their necks. Occasionally a woman brought a foot-stove, which was passed along the seat from one member of the family to another. At least half the people brought their luncheon, which they privately ate in their pews at noon-time. To children this was the most delightful part of the service, though there was something trying in revealing one's bread and doughnuts to curious observers, and the most sequestered corner of the gallery was often chosen for this repast.

It is interesting now to recall the faces that used to gather in that queer little sanctuary. In the light of reflection and of their characters and conduct, some of them are as odd as anything in Dickens or Balzac. They only needed a chronicler to make them famous.

There was one family of children, all of whom had large, wild eyes, and a certain infantine expression about the mouth. They looked like innocent, timid little souls who had strayed into a world they were unfitted for. As it was, they were the naughtiest of all the naughty school-children. Where did they get that primitive, unworldly look? There was another family, marked by good, strong features, fair complexions and blue eyes, who almost invariably slept through the service. This habit they must have inherited from their father, whose head in church time seemed always nodding, though he was a thin, spare man, rather choleric than otherwise in his temperament. This tendency in the children was as inveterate as a teasing propensity which characterized them, and made them disagreeable companions.

Among the mature countenances was a dark-eyed, melancholy face which more than anything expressed brooding and reflection, a mental separateness from things external. It belonged to a woman, poor, but proud-spirited, envious of social position and shows, whose eye caught every detail of dress and manner in a twinkling.

There was one very old man who on fine Sundays sat leaning forward on his staff, and looking up to the minister with the curious, vacant expression of second childhood. His hair was like the driven snow; he was so infinitely old that the possibility of becoming as old myself was destroyed, and I regarded him with that absolute wonder which we feel for everything outside of our own experience. If he had been fifteen years younger, old age would have seemed possible.

Among the occasional worshipers was an old woman of seventy-five years, with restless eyes and manner, whose feelings often got the better of the proprieties of the occasion. At home and among the neighbors, she seemed an intensely practical, unemotional body. She was an inveterate talker; she had a passion for high colors, and in extreme age often appeared in a red gown. In all ordinary life she was a sociable, prosaic old creature, not given to vagaries; but when the minister began to warm up in his discourse, a curious excitement seized her; she trembled violently, and panted for breath; she began to proclaim her faith to the assembly in mutterings and exclamations. Her restless eyes wandered vaguely over the room, and she seemed unconscious of surroundings. When the attack had subsided, she was as bright and keenly observant as ever, but the effect upon the childish mind, at least, was far longer-lived, and she was regarded as a kind of witch. To the villagers who knew the old woman well, these strange behaviors made her an oddity to be gossiped about at tea-drinkings and by winter evening fires, but they were relieved against as sad a background of experience as often falls to the human lot.

Years before she had lost a very bright, promising son by sudden sickness—her pride and hope; her husband had for years been addicted to drink, and had made home uncomfortable by almost daily intoxication. Naturally a witty, kind-hearted man, his reason had at last given way under self-indulgence, and he became thoroughly insane. Her only surviving child was a now middle-aged, half-idiot son who had followed his father's example, and had been all his life only a curse to the mother who bore him. For years the old woman cared for the miserable pair, with little companionship but theirs, and suffering the social isolation of old age and unlikeness to other people. A weirdness haunted the gables of the old red house standing lonely in the shadow of tall maples above the road. After the death of her husband, the venerable woman still sat by the fire-place where she began her young married life, and in her pathetic white cap moved through the empty rooms of the old house, full of quaint cupboards and dusky corners, cheery and acute to the last, herself the oddest relic of a by-gone generation.

The singing in the old meeting-house was the most spirited part of the worship there, and attracted quite as many auditors as the sermons. In fact, the choir probably represented most of the aspiration included in that little company. The leader was a man of much natural talent and force of character, whose love of music was a passion. He was the master of two or three singing-schools in that region, and managed to accomplish as much work in a week as several ordinary men. His sisters all had good voices and supplied treble and alto; but the best natural voice in the company belonged to the tenor, whose sweet, clear, ringing tones rose without effort above all others, and filled the little church with a music as genuine and free as a bird's. The quality of this voice was thoroughly individual, which the memory could retain without difficulty.

The instrumental accompaniment to this harmony was a big bass viol, which did ample justice to it. There was no lagging behind in the hand that swept those resonant strings. It did not accompany the voices so much as it led them. The precision of it on all occasions was something quite wonderful. Whether the tune were "Antioch," or "Old Hundred," "Zion" or "Dennis," the twanging bow leaped along as if attention to time were the chief concern of mortal singers.

On week-days the meeting-house had something half spectral about it. To peer through the greenish-hued window-panes at the shadowy desk, the empty aisles, and solemn choir-loft, gave one a weird, uncanny impression. Just behind the building, at the foot of the pasture-lot, blue violets grew in their season, and later wild lupines, both pink and blue. These flowers must have borrowed something from their neighborhood to the meeting-house, for they always seemed less cheerful and bright than other blossoms. If the day were declining, I snatched them hastily from their stems and ran to the top of the hill, where the sunlight fell more brightly and the birds sang with more careless freedom.

SATISFIED.

BY ELIZABETH R. GEORGE.

When with a sigh of infinite content
I kneel, oh, wondrous moment, at His feet,
Life's day of labor and probation spent,
Heaven and its glorious fullness all complete;
When, 'mid the sudden glory of the place
I once have looked upon the Master's face,
I shall forget the pain, the bitter want
Of my weak nature, in itself so scant,
And, kneeling down with ecstasy so sweet,
Lo, I shall softly kiss my Saviour's feet;
And though my spirit breathe no earthly word,
All heaven shall hear me as I praise the Lord.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY ADELAIDE S. SEAVERNS.

"Here's a letter fo' you, Philury."

"For *me?*" and Philura paused, flat-iron in hand, as her father tossed the tinted and monogrammed envelope upon the ironing-table.

No wonder Philura was surprised, for letters were rare at the Jackson farm up among the Vermont hills. At stated intervals Mrs. Jackson received formal, precise notes from her only sister who had married a Boston merchant, but Philura herself had no friends or acquaintances outside the village.

"Well, why under the sun don't you open it?" snapped her father, as he stood waiting. "Don't be a ninny." For Philura was critically examining the envelope, hardly knowing at which end to open the dainty thing.

"It's from Aunt Harriet," said Philura glancing at the signature, and she read aloud: —

DEAR NIECE: Though I have never seen you, I yet cherish a kindly regard for you for your mother's sake. Your life must be very dull in your country home, and I now write to ask you to come to Boston and visit us. You and my Sylvia are nearly of an age, and it would, perhaps, be well for you to become acquainted with each other. If your mother can spare you, come the first week in October.

HARRIET HOWARD.

"And this is the 20th of September. O mother, *can* I go?" and Philura paused, flushed and breathless.

"You must ask your pa. Harriet is very kind, I'm sure."

"Kind!" growled Mr. Jackson. "Rather a new kink, isn't it, for her to be sendin' invertations up here, when she's always tried to forgit you were alive ever since you married me, Joanna?"

"Now, William, don't! You know Harriet moves in fine society in Boston, and of course cannot be really intimate with us."

"Stuff! fine society! I'm as good as her husband any day — and mebbe better."

"But, pa, can't I go?" pleaded Philura.

"I don't care," said Mr. Jackson as he stepped off the doorstep. "Your ma can settle that."

Of course Mrs. Jackson was willing, and she took great delight in furbishing her daughter's wardrobe for the projected Boston visit. She was a mild little woman, mortally afraid of her rough husband, whose will was law. Philura was the only child, and she had grown up like a weed in the rank household soil. Her father was a kindly but uneducated farmer, bent on making money and looking out for a good bargain. When the little girl was born he was "mighty disappointed," as he expressed it, for "'twas sich a pity she warn't a boy." He had brought up the child as if she were a young colt, and now at the age of seventeen, she was healthy and brown, but unpolished and boydenish — "a regular boy," her mother would sometimes sigh. She had been to the district school of winters, but her father didn't believe in educating girls. He would say, when the mother feebly remonstrated: "Wall, I got along well enough without an eddication, and so'd you. What's the gal want of an eddication? If it's nateral for a gal to learn, she will. It's all nater, and if Philury's got it in her, she'll learn enough without being kept at school studyin' all sorts of rubbish." And so Philura assisted in the spring planting, raked hay and helped load the wagons in the summer, and was very useful in the fall harvesting, besides being initiated into all household mysteries. However, Philura loved her books, and it was "nateral" for her to learn.

But she was really going to Boston — the *ultima Thule* of the young girl's dreams. She was very happy, the only drawback being her slender wardrobe which was in rather a shabby condition. Her father wouldn't give her a cent beyond her fare, and so Mrs. Jackson, from her carefully-hoarded egg and butter money, expended enough to purchase a new dress and other accessories. I think Philura was never so well-dressed as, in her brown delaine suit, and black straw hat with its nodding poppy blossoms, she was carried to the depot in the farm wagon.

What a novelty the ride to Boston was to the unsophisticated girl! She went into raptures at every mile, quite regardless of her father's, "Don't be a goose, Philury." For her father accompanied her, clad in the homespun coat which had been his best for years.

At last, Boston. The dusk was fast gathering when Philura stepped into the great depot, holding fast her father's hand. Her uncle was there to meet her. Mr. J. was to return on the next train, and Philura said good-by with a great lump in her throat and followed her uncle to the waiting hack. Poor little girl! she was already homesick, and after peering out into the brilliantly-lighted streets awhile, she leaned back and thought of her home and the mother whom she had never left before for a single night.

Philura's reception at her aunt's was cordial enough, but she was dimly conscious of not looking exactly right. Sylvia's hair was puffed and crimped in fluffy waves, and her dainty polonaise fitted her slender form exquisitely. Philura, in her old-fashioned overskirt and blouse waist guiltless of trimming, looked like an overgrown brown bug beside a butterfly.

"No matter, dear," said Sylvia good-naturedly, as Philura looked dubiously from herself to her cousin as they stood in Sylvia's room before the mirror, "I'll give you lots of finery to fix up with to-morrow."

Such a round of gayety and whirl of excitement as our little country maiden was in for the next few weeks! Why, I couldn't tell you half. She went everywhere — explored and enjoyed to the full our beautiful city. But giddy Sylvia's hand was not the one to lead Philura. The poor child was bewildered by the many "mustn'ts" and "musts," the "that isn't refined" and the "this isn't stylish," that fell so often from Sylvia's lips, and her feet were straying over the threshold of innocent maidenhood into that realm of the city girl's fairy-land which has so many pitfalls. She had never thought anything about "beaux" — she was too simple and young, you know. But Sylvia already had a "gentleman" who came to the house five evenings out of seven. He was a young, very young, dapper clerk, who had smoked himself into a bloodless state, but was a great favorite among the girls of Sylvia's "set." "He's *so* polite, so stylish," they all agreed — as if politeness and style were the prime elements of manhood. Philura's eyes often grew wide with surprise at the disclosure of the many secrets which Sylvia confided to her.

"But don't you love him?" she asked one night, after Sylvia had told her about a flirtation she had carried on all the previous evening with a certain young man, and how jealous Harry was.

"Love whom — Harry Sherwin? Why, I hope you don't believe, little Simplicity, that there is such a thing as real love nowadays. I like to go around, and I'd rather go with Harry than with any of the others," and Sylvia's rippling laugh sounded through the room.

"Well, Sylvia Howard, you ought to be ashamed," said Philura with cheeks aflame. "I wouldn't go around with a young man, let him spend his money for bouquets and presents, and receive kisses and love-letters from him as you do, if I didn't intend to marry him. Mother says such trifling with a young man often sends him to ruin."

"Don't preach, Lurie, don't. I'm only doing as the other girls do. Of course, I wouldn't think of such a thing as marrying Harry Sherwin. He smokes too much, and is really too dissipated. But I do like to have a good time."

Philura's black eyes snapped with honest indignation as she walked over to the mantel. "You're a wicked girl, Sylvia Howard. You acknowledge yourself that Harry Sherwin is dissipated, and yet you countenance the dissipation by going around with him. That is always the way, mother says — young men will be reckless and dissolute as long as pure, beautiful girls can be had for the asking. A young man says to himself, 'Well, I may as well be gay for awhile and sow my wild oats. By and by I will settle down and marry some sweet young girl, who will overlook my past follies and try to reform me.' They are always *sure*, Sylvia, that the 'sweet young girl' will have them, and oh, it makes my blood boil to think of it! Why should not we demand the same purity of heart and life from our husbands that they ask of us? Why should we bestow all 'our costly dower of womanhood,' as some one says, upon a man who is really not a man — only the semblance of one — for the sake of being married? I would a hundred times rather live and die an old maid than" —

"As you probably will, Philura," interrupted Sylvia angrily. "You've wasted lots of breath for nothing. All the girls in our set do as I do, and I'm not going to be the odd one. You can't find a fellow nowadays who hasn't been a little wild, and I think it's rather nice, on the whole;" and pretty Sylvia sprang from the sofa as the bell, proclaiming the arrival of Harry Sherwin, sounded through the hall. "As for you, Philura Jackson, you're a spiteful, hateful girl, and I shall be glad when you go home. I know you don't believe half you have said. You are only jealous of me."

Philura sat alone by the grate a long while tearful and very grave. She had been honest with her cousin. Sylvia's words hurt her. Mrs. Jackson had been very faithful and plain with her daughter, and in some things Philura was mature beyond her years. "I will go home to-morrow," she resolved, as she went to bed. "I have had a nice time, but I am tired of city life — this free and easy way of living. I want my home and mother." And home she went the very next day.

Shall I tell you, briefly, of the after life of these two cousins?

Take the cars from the Albany depot some day and come out to this little village among the farms of western Massachusetts. Come up over the hill and look into the window of the Methodist parsonage. All is cheery and bright in the warm firelight. Two children are playing on the floor and a tiny baby is slumbering in the cradle.

"Isn't it most time for papa?" asks little Fred.

"Yes, dear, very soon."

"Oh, he's coming now!" and the children make a grand rush for papa, who gently places them one side while he clasps his wife in his arms and says, "God bless my darling Philura!" Can it be our Philura? Yes; and there is a whole world of love and trust in her voice as she talks with her husband. Philura Jackson has made a true marriage, and the husband and wife are one flesh, both working together for God and the uplifting of humanity.

But come away from these breezy hill-tops, come away, even, from the bright, the beautiful part of dear old Boston, and walk through this narrow, tenement-lined street. On the fourth floor of a dilapidated building, in a little dirty room, lies a faded woman on an old straw bed. She is all wasted, and her hollow cough betrays the dreadful disease, consumption. Do you recognize Sylvia Howard? Hardly. The sweet, girlish beauty is all gone, and her life is almost done. Yes, she married Harry Sherwin, after all, and instead of her lifting him up, he dragged her down, down, to his own level, regarding her as

"Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

Girl readers of the HERALD, you who look out from your pleasant homes with innocent, trustful eyes into the future that awaits you, beware! Demand from the young man who would make you his wife purity of heart and of life. He expects this of you, why should you not ask the same in return? Do not marry a man in the hope of reforming him, or simply for the sake of a home. No woman has a right to do that. Moreover, love no man whom you cannot honor with all your heart — a true knight, *sans peur, sans reproche.*

IN THE RAIN.

Down the long street the little Jane,
Demure and shy, walked through the rain,
The great umbrella hiding
Her bronze-brown eyes and golden hair;
And yet she won, though very fair,
Less praise than scorn and chiding.

For Jane was but a pauper child,
Who aye had wayward been and wild,
"A ne'er-do-well," they said.
Since she must toil the livelong day,
She mingled all her toil with play,
Nor cared to earn her bread.

She entered at the great church door,
No one had entered there before
That rainy Sabbath-day;
And little Jane sat all alone;
The organ played in softest tone;
She wondered it should play

For only her. The minister
Read prayer and psalm for only her!
She saw no other there.
"He means it all for me!" she thought;
"None else is here! I'm sure I ought
To join in hearty prayer."

"Christ died for all! He died for you!"
The holy words were plain and few;
"Accept your Lord," he said.
Jane heard with ever new surprise,
Tears overflowed her beauteous eyes.
She bowed her humble head.

"I do accept Him! Take Thou me,
O blessed Lord! Since it can be
That even I may come!
I'll try henceforth to be so good,
I've been so wayward and so rude,
So wild and troublesome."

The service o'er, she walked again
'Neath the umbrella through the rain,
With holy joy more fair.
"Since I am His and He is mine,
My life with purity must shine,
My wants will be His care."

She thought with gladness, "He will be
Father and mother, both, to me
Who lacked them both before!"
She trusted well, and not in vain;
Though life brought toil, and care, and pain,
She walked alone no more.

Her bronze-brown eyes are dim with age,
They scarce can read the sacred page,
Her golden locks are gray;
She counts no day of all her life,
As happy mother, happy wife,
Above that Sabbath day.

—*Christian Weekly.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"MA'S GRAVE WILL GET LOST."

A boy, not over eleven years old, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing could scarcely be called by the name, dropped into a carpenter shop on Grand River avenue, the other day, and, after much hesitation, explained to the foreman: —

"We want to get a grave-board for ma. She died last winter, and the graves are so thick that we can't hardly find hers no more. We went up last Sunday, and came near not finding it. We thought we'd get a grave board so we wouldn't lose the grave. When we thought we'd lost it, Jack he cried, and Bud she cried, and my chin trembled so I could hardly talk."

"Where is your father?" asked the carpenter.

"Oh, he's home, but never goes up there with us, and we shan't tell him about the board. I guess he hated ma, for he wasn't home when she died, and he wouldn't buy no coffin nor nothing. Sometimes when we are sittin' on the doorstep talking about her, and Jack and Bud are cryin', and I'm remembering how she kissed us all afore she died, he says we'd better quit that or we'll get what's bad for us. But we sleep up stairs; and we talk and cry in the dark all we want to. How much will the board be?"

The carpenter selected something fit for the purpose, and asked,

"Who will put it up at the grave?"

"We'll take it up on our cart," replied the boy, "and I guess the grave-yard man will help us put it up."

"You want the name painted on, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, we want the board white, and then we want you to paint on that, that she was our ma, and that she was forty-nine years old, and that she died on the 2d of November, and that she's gone to heaven, and that she was one of the best mothers ever was, and that we are going to be good all our lives, and go up where she is when we die. How much will it cost, sir?"

"How much have you got?"

"Well," said the boy, as he brought out a little calico bag and emptied the contents on the bench, "Bud drawed the baby for the woman next door, and earned twenty cents; Jack, he weeded the garden and earned forty cents, and he found five more in the road; I run of errands and made kites and fixed a boy's cart and helped carry some apples into a store, and I earned sixty-five cents. All that makes 130 cents, sir, and pa don't know we've got it, 'cause we kept it hid in the ground under a stone."

The carpenter meant to be liberal, but he said: —

"A grave-board will cost at least $3."

The lad looked from his little store of metals to the carpenter and back, realized how many weary weeks had passed since the first penny was earned and saved, and suddenly walked out: —

"Then we can't never, never buy one, and ma's grave will get lost."

But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned yesterday little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a head-board, but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with full hearts, and done it well.

Ere this the mother's grave has been marked, and when night comes the three motherless ones will cuddle close together and whisper their gratitude that it cannot be lost to them even in the storms and drifts of winter. — *Detroit Free Press.*

FUN AND FACT.

.... It has been asked: "When rain falls, does it ever get up again?" Of course it does, in dew time.

.... Which is the more powerful, the earth or the sea? The sea, of course — it has such a lot of muscles.

.... *Child:* "I couldn't live if I should have the fever." *Mother:* "Why so?" *Child:* "Because I'm so little, there wouldn't be room for the fever to turn."

.... A very fat man sent an order to the office for two seats in the coach for himself. The clerk engaged him one seat outside and the other inside.

The kingdom that I seek,
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be also Thine,
Else I shall surely stray.
Smooth let it be, or rough,
It still will be the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not;
It leads me to Thy rest!

Bonar.

.... Some one has beautifully said that "sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear."

.... "What business is your father in, my child?" "Sure and I do' no. He is a dictator, or an agitator, or a speculator — a tatur of some kind, anyway."

.... "Sir," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a ball." "Of a ball, madam! Why so, pray?" "Because they never have any point."

.... It is well to look at both sides of a fan. On a "heated" Sunday in Philadelphia, recently, the minister was fanning himself vigorously. He did not see (but the congregation did) that the reverse of his fan bore the inscription, "Buy Boggle's Bitters."

.... The Christian shines unconsciously — as the jewel sparkles, as the bird sings. Self-forgetfulness is the first sign that we are doing work for the God above us. A life in which the will of the Father is all in all, will accomplish good on the right hand and on the left, and keep no record.

TO-DAY.

Lo here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.
Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Carlyle.

.... A little boy was shown the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions. He startled his friends by shouting: "Ma! O Ma! Just look at that poor little lion way behind there. He won't get any."

.... A lady lecturer on "The Poetry of the Future," announced that "the epic of the coming poet will throb with the pulse of the cosmos." That sounds good; wonder what it means.

.... "Were there any aliens and strangers among the Jews at the time of their journey to the promised land?" asked the superintendent last Sunday. "No," replied the smart bad boy on the back seat, "they were all to the manna born." School closed with singing.

.... A full-bearded grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner table his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, gazed long with wondering eye, and finally ejaculated, "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

.... Every event of life has meaning to those, who, in the simple trust of a child-like faith, give themselves up to the leadings and guidance of God's providence. No wind can blow wrong; no event be mistimed; no result be disastrous. If in all things God is caring for our inward and eternal life, nothing can occur which is not for our good.

.... A little boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said, "Tommy, have you eaten the pear?" "Yes, mother, all but the seed!"

EPITAPHS.

Our Thomas:

Died, when young and full of promise,
Of the whooping cough — our Thomas.

A cherubim:

Sacred to the memory of
Miss Martha Gwinn,
Who was so very pure within,
She burst this outer shell of sin
And hatched herself a cherubim.

A father:

Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
From a stage coach, and thereby killed.
His name was John Sites, a maker of sacengers,
Slain with three other outside passengers.

Our Willie:

Our dear little Willie,
As fair as a lily;
God for him sent
And so we let him went.

Mrs. Bly:

Oh! mournful day
That stole away
Poor Mrs. Bly;
Who chanced to die
Of a sky— Rocket
In her eye— Socket.

— *Traveller.*

.... Said a lecturer on the importance of vocal culture for the minister: "The Bible is like a stained glass window, full of wonderful devices and beautiful colors. The voice is the sunshine which illumines these colors and brings out all these beauties."

THE PEACE OF GOD.

O peace of God! as early beams
Creep o'er the eastern hills, and start
The sparrow from his morning dreams,
So still thine entrance to the heart.

O peace of God! the evening air,
That breathes from calm, cloud-gilded west,
Comes not to soothe the hard day's wear,
So sweet as thou to troubled breast.

O peace of God! the bud that springs
Through April snows to seek the sun,
No hope of summer gladness brings,
Like thine of heaven already won.

O peace of God! in thee to rest,
Along life's rough and toilsome ways,
Makes daily task a service blest,
And turns the daily prayer to praise.

— *Examiner.*

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

PEARL'S THANKSGIVING.

BY COUSIN PEACE.

"I don't care anything about Thanksgiving Day," said Pearl Radney. "We never have things as nice as other people, and I don't feel a bit thankful. I don't see anything to be thankful for."

"I'm sorry for that," said her mother. She was, for she was a good mother, who worked hard to provide for her three fatherless children, and tried to make them happy. Pearl was twelve years old — old enough to understand that she was saying something very unkind to her self-sacrificing, devoted mother, but she did not seem to think of that. She lay pouting on the lounge before the ruddy sitting-room fire, and her mother sat silently at the table darning the family stockings.

By and by she felt very sick, and in a moment it seemed to her that several of the neighbors were in the room and the doctor was there.

"She has the fever," some one said. Pearl knew what that meant. A very terrible contagious fever had lately broken out in the town, and the worst of it was, that it left people almost, if not quite, blind. Oh, how her eyes and head ached! and how hot she was! "Mother mother," she moaned; but her mother did not come near her. Again she called for her mother, and some one said that her mother was sick, also, in the room overhead. She had never lived an hour in her life without her mother's care; she wept and raved now, so delirious was she with pain; but only strangers were about her. Yet the disease upon her brain prevented her seeing even their faces. Oh, the agonizing pain of her head! It seemed to drown every other feeling. How long did she bear it? It seemed to her weeks, months, almost.

By and by they told her that her mother was dead. Then she settled down into a hopeless misery and anguish that she believed would kill her. But it did not. "She will get well," said the doctor's voice, "but she will be blind." Already she felt the seal of blindness upon her lids. She could not open them. Never again would she see the sunshine, flowers, or sky. All was darkness.

"Pearl, dear, what makes you moan so? You had better not sleep by the hot stove."

It was her mother's voice, and there was her dear, familiar face bent over her work, as she still sat by the table darning stockings.

Oh, what a beauty and preciousness was in that countenance to Pearl, then! A gust of mingled grief and thankfulness swept through her heart, and in a moment, all trembling, she had flung herself upon her mother's shoulder.

"O mother, I have had such a terrible dream; I thought you were dead."

"No, dear, no," kissing her cheek. "You have your mother yet, such as she is."

"The best, the most beautiful mother that ever lived!" cried Pearl. "Oh, I am an ungrateful, selfish girl. You do everything for me. I am comfortable and have everything I need. And, O mother, I am not blind, as I dreamed. I can see and hear you, and that is enough to have a thankful heart for."

Yes, Pearl's terrible dream had taught her a good lesson. When Thanksgiving dawned, on the following day, instead of restless and dissatisfied, it found her humble and grateful.

Answer to Riddle: ZION'S HERALD.

The Methodist Church.

RHODE ISLAND.

Several months having passed since the Chestnut Street Church changed its order of service, the results may be pretty safely determined by this time. The change has worked well. The congregation has increased at the preaching service and at the prayer-meeting. A few who attended two Sunday-schools are missing, while the Bible class, led by Brother Raymond, has largely increased, and well-nigh fills one of the vestries. On the whole, the Church is well satisfied with the change, and the present arrangement will, doubtless, be permanent.

The Church in Phenix has devised a novel entertainment, having arranged a course of lecture concerts, giving one half of the evening to a lecture and the other half to an organ and choral concert.

The Methodist societies in Providence will hold a union service on Thanksgiving day in Trinity Church, Brother Kingsley preaching the sermon.

St. Paul's Church, South Providence, is undergoing needed repairs, and is to be painted on the outside.

A union State Sunday-school convention is to be held at the Beneficent Church, Providence, Nov. 13, under the charge of Rev. A. F. Schauffler, of New York. Noted Sunday-school workers from abroad are expected to be present, and the meeting promises to be both interesting and profitable. It is proposed to hold such a convention annually hereafter.

Lovers of good music have a rich treat in prospect on the evening of Nov. 15, when the Mendelssohn Choral Society, organized by Prof. Hastings, will give a concert in Music Hall, Providence. A chorus of three hundred will take part, with Reeves' orchestra, augmented by C. F. Allen, Wulf Fries, and other Boston celebrities.

The eleventh annual meeting, accompanied by the usual rain-storm, of the R. I. Temperance Union, was held at the Park Street Church on Wednesday, Oct. 30. But temperance in this State has friends whose love to the cause "many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown," and the convention was a good one notwithstanding the storm. Brother Conant presented his annual report, Gov. Van Zandt spoke encouraging words, and Rev. A. E. Main, Rev. W. W. Everts, jr., Mrs. J. K. Barney, and Mrs. L. C. Partington made interesting addresses.

The death of Rev. John Cooper was a great surprise in this part of the Conference. He was a good man, and held in high esteem by the Churches he so faithfully served and by his brethren in the ministry. He will be missed and mourned.

The death of Brother Titus finds other and appropriate mention in the HERALD. His funeral took place at Warren on the 1st inst., and was largely attended. Dr. Brown delivered an appreciative and touching address. Dr. Talbot offered prayer, and Brothers Clark and Livesey performed the other services. The Masonic rites which followed were under the charge of Brother Sidney Dean. The interment was in the South Cemetery. On the evening of the burial an appropriate and beautiful tribute to the character and memory of the deceased appeared in the Providence *Press* from the pen of its editor, Brother Dean. L.

VERMONT.

Rev. Charles Cushing, a former principal of the old Newbury Seminary, has sailed for Italy to engage in Sunday-school work.

Rev. Mr. Frost, of the West Fairlee and Ely charges, has recently taken a much-needed vacation of two weeks.

The St. Johnsbury people propose to erect a platform near the pulpit for the use of their excellent choir.

Boxes are regularly passed through many of the Vermont Sunday-schools to receive contributions to aid in the establishment of schools in foreign lands.

Rev. A. B. Kelley has been obliged to relinquish work at West Concord on account of poor health, and is now stopping at Boliver, N. Y. His departure from West Concord caused very general regret.

The Episcopal church has been very kindly placed at the disposal of the W. R. Junction Methodists, during a part of each Sunday, until their church is ready for occupancy.

Very cheering progress has been made in the Springfield district during the present year, and great credit is due to Presiding Elder Beeman for his zealous efforts in behalf of the charges.

Rev. J. M. C. Fulton — the Methodist brother who created a sensation in religious circles last winter by joining the Episcopal Church — is in Bradford, where he lectured before the reform club on the evening of Nov. 1st. He spent the summer in Nova Scotia. He did excellent service in the Methodist harness, and we trust he may be successful as a worker in the old Church.

The Lyndonville Methodists have their vestry up and covered, and will bring it to completion as fast as possible.

The Ely Methodists advertise for bids for the enlargement of their church.

The HERALD is just the paper for Vermont Methodists, and we are glad to see it in the hands of so many. A little effort on the part of the ministers, or stewards, in calling the attention of their people to it, would advance its circulation, and thus very materially advance the cause of religion in the charges. Success to the HERALD!

A. B. H.

VIRGINIA.

Our work in this section makes a meagre showing on paper, but we who are accustomed to small things can see evidences of progress, and feel that we enjoy some prosperity. Our magnitudes, except of territory, are in sad contrast with those of more favored sections where our Church is a leading denomination. We count units where they count scores, but we accomplish enough to vindicate our mission.

At Waterford, Loudoun Co., a church was dedicated free of debt, Oct. 6. It is a neat frame building, substantial, and well-finished, ample for the wants of the village and vicinity. Rev. D. H. Carroll, head of the Baltimore Depository, and Rev. L. H. Pearce, of Alexandria, did the preaching.

A revival is now in progress at Alexandria, under the labors of Brother Pearce, who was transferred from Michigan last spring and is having good success in this ancient home of Methodism.

We have just closed a meeting at Falls Church. One man was soundly converted and joined the Church. Our affairs here are more encouraging than I ever knew them before. We have had five accessions within a few months, and have a prospect of more.

At Herndon, there was a meeting in September, resulting in eight accessions to the Church; and there have been several conversions since, at another point on the same circuit, of which C. W. Ball is pastor. Our protracted meetings in this State are just now fairly begun.

Rev. A. J. Porter, our Presiding Elder, now on his third round of quarterly meetings, is in his fourth year of faithful and acceptable service on the district. He has served two of our three districts, and ought to complete the circuit of the Conference. J. S. BEYER.

TEMPERANCE.

"DRY, I GUESS."

BY REV. O. H. JASPER, D. D.

In a pleasant town of this State, lying on the bank of the beautiful Connecticut, rumselling, except in a lawful way, has not been allowed for many years. And chief among the agents of prohibition is my friend M. Ever since he came to town, some thirty years, more or less, he has vigorously enforced all the law the State has furnished in favor of temperance, so that he has become known in this part of the country as a fearless and determined leader in the good work. A few years ago, the somewhat eccentric Gerould had an appointment to lecture in the town hall. My friend had anticipated the lecture as a great treat, and, of course, could not fail on any account to be there. But happening, almost at the last moment before the lecture, to call on a sick friend, he was asked to go to the agency and procure a bottle of brandy, needed in the sick room during the night.

Now, my friend could no more refuse to do a neighborly kindness, than he could to prosecute a rumseller, or attend a temperance meeting; and yet, fearing to be late to the lecture, he determined first to secure the brandy, lest the shop should be closed, then secure the lecture, with the brandy in his pocket, and return to his friend afterwards. So happy a plan was no sooner conceived than executed.

He was soon at the front listening with all his might, and, being a little deaf, he must give the more earnest heed. Thus employed, he did not for a time observe a slight but increasing commotion around him. Soon, however, detecting a thin, but thickening odor of brandy, and all forgetful of the bottle in his own pocket, and suspecting anybody sooner than himself, he began to look daggers at everybody about him, thinking some rogue was playing tricks to disturb the meeting, when suddenly bethinking himself, he put his hand to his pocket, and behold the brandy had sprung a leak! He promptly started to leave the hall, when the lecturer threw after him, in the face of the whole congregation, this hot shot "Dry, I guess!" This, of course, brought down the house at my friend's expense. M. says it was his original intention to rid himself of the offending bottle, and return and hear him through. But after that thrust he had no heart to face that congregation again. This was the standing joke of the village for a long time — none, however, enjoying it more than M. himself; and even now he tells the story with a decided relish.

Obituaries.

Rev. CHARLES H. TITUS was born in Maine, April 11, 1819, and died Oct. 30, 1878.

He was the only son of Samuel and Betsey Titus. His father was a farmer of limited means, and the son assisted his father in summer, and attended the public school in winter. At the age of sixteen he became a student at Monmouth Academy, teaching in winter to support himself. From that time until he was twenty-five years of age, his time was devoted to the pursuits of literature and to teaching. His father died when the son was eighteen years old, but Brother Titus declined to receive any portion of the small sum which his father left, and prosecuted his work of teaching with renewed assiduity.

From Monmouth Academy he passed to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, at Kent's Hill, Readfield, where he continued his studies under more favorable conditions. Here he entered upon the study of Hebrew and Biblical Greek under the tuition of Prof. Walsh, an eminent linguist. In 1839 he entered the Bangor Theological Seminary, devoting one year to the study of the Scriptures in the original languages. He was a close and untiring student, and his physical nature, not being the most robust, gave way under the severe tasks imposed upon it by the enthusiastic mind and soul. In 1840 he sought to recruit his health by a change of climate, and removed to Greencastle, Ind., in company with his friend, Prof. Larrabee, who had been elected a professor in the Asbury University, located in that place. Mr. Titus was immediately elected by the trustees of the university as tutor of languages in the preparatory department of the college, and entered upon his duties with his usual zeal. He continued his classical course, and finished it while thus engaged, graduating with honor Sept. 14, 1842. On the evening of his graduation he was joined in marriage with Miss Martha Dunn, daughter of Colonel Wm. Dunn, of East Poland, Me., and sister of Mrs. Professor Larrabee, by Rev. Matthew Simpson, now Bishop of the M. E. Church, then president of the University.

During the winter of 1842–3 Brother Titus and wife conducted a private academy at Madison, Ind., with great success, but his health becoming more precarious, he made a long tour of the Mississippi and the Lakes in company with Bishop Ames. In the autumn of that year he returned with his wife to their Maine home, and in August, '44, entered actively upon the work of the Christian ministry, being admitted to the Maine Annual Conference of the M. E. Church. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hedding, and was appointed to the pastorate of Frankfort. Two years of labor disclosed the fact that the climate was too severe for him, and he was offered a transfer to the Providence Conference, which he accepted, receiving his first appointment at the Pleasant Street Church, New Bedford. At the close of his two years' pastorate he was ordained elder by Bishop Janes, and appointed to the pastorate of the Woonsocket Church. He served this and the Churches in Edgartown and E. Weymouth for two years each, and Taunton one year, when he received the appointment of Presiding Elder of the Providence district, which office he held for four years, to the gratification and growth of the Churches and congregations under his oversight, winning hosts of warm friends, both in the ministry and laity, by his zeal, his urbanity, and his great Christian nobility of character.

At the conclusion of his official term as Presiding Elder, he entered again upon the work of the pastorate; in Warren and Newport each two years, and in Pnenix three years — remaining still another, or fourth, year in Pnenix, supplying the pulpit of the young and growing Church. From thence he returned to Taunton to assume the pastorate of the Church for two years, and thence to Warren again, where he served the Church most acceptably for the last years of his active ministry.

At the close of his pastorate in Warren he was tendered, and after consultation with his intimate and chosen friends, the writer included, he accepted, a *pro tempore* appointment as grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Massachusetts, the tender of the position being deemed by him a providential favor, considering his age and his health. He accepted it as such, devoutly, and for seven years filled the position, by repeated annual elections, with high credit to himself as a Christian minister, a Mason, and a man, and to the great satisfaction of all the members of that fraternity.

Brother Titus was no speculative dreamer, but an earnest, practical, devout Christian man, absorbed in a practical Gospel of help for the great needs of himself and his brother man. He loved Christ as his Redeemer and Saviour, and his heart kindled and glowed under his own ministry of the Word. Brother Titus was honest, was devout, was spiritually-minded, and was zealous for his Lord.

But our sketch of him has already exhausted our space, yet has hardly commenced upon the measure of our desire to speak of him in his personally magnetic character as a friend and companion. As we write, we seem to see him at our table, in the cosy library, with the family in the sitting-room, talking and listening, dispensing that feeling of good fellowship which was one of his chief attractions. Always unobtrusively thoughtful of the pleasure of others, his conversational powers excellent, a good reader and clear thinker, he made these occasions of rare interest to the family of the writer.

Brother Titus has left a widow, a son and a daughter, to mourn his absence from the home circle, which to him was a happy universe in itself. These will receive the heartfelt sympathies of the multitudes of friends who knew, loved and respected the husband and father. He made specific arrangements for his funeral, and was buried, at his own desire, in the South Cemetery at Warren (in his own language), "on the sunny side of the waters of the beautiful Narragansett Bay."

SIDNEY DEAN.

Mrs. SOPHIA GOVE BISHOP was born in Lincoln, Mass., Sept. 17, 1803, and died in Boston, June 23, 1878.

Sister B. was the child of faithful Methodist parents, and her mother, for whom she retained to the close of her life a most profound affection and veneration, was eminently qualified for all the active duties of the Church, and especially for the all-important work of leading her children to the Cross of Christ. In the morning of her life, as early as 1820, under the labors of Rev. D. Kilburn, she gave her heart to God and her life to Christ, and united with the Bromfield Street M. E. Church, of which she remained an honored and useful member to the day of her death.

She was one of a large number of women remarkable for their zeal and piety and devotion, who, in the generation past, made Bromfield St. Church one of the strongest and most efficient Churches in all New England. One by one these sainted women have passed away, leaving behind them a record of abounding good works and godliness, which makes their memory fragrant and soul-inspiring.

With Sister Bishop's departure to the gathered company of saints on high, only two or three are left of those who were once so useful and active in the cause of the divine Master. In all her cares and labors for the Church she was not unmindful of the duties she owed to her own family; and all that a tender and loving mother could do, was done for them in childhood and youth, to train them up for God and heaven; and in this her efforts were not in vain, for one of her sons, Rev. Thomas W. Bishop, is now a successful and well-known member of the New England Conference, while others of the family are interested, earnest, and useful members of Bromfield St. Church, and all are in hearty sympathy with the Church their mother loved so well.

For several years she has suffered from the infirmities of age and disease, and has been, for the greater part of the time, confined at home and shut out from any active participation in the customary duties of life. But she never lost her interest in the cause of God, never ceased to feel the deepest affection for the Church of her choice, and was always ready to do everything in her power to render all possible assistance to every laudable enterprise.

The peculiar type of her religious experience is well illustrated by the hymns which were her favorites. The Bible and hymn-book were her treasures. Hers was truly a joyous prospect of heaven. Though at last the angel of death came somewhat suddenly to our departed sister, she was not found unprepared. During these last years and months of life she has been ripening for glory, and more and more she walked along the sunny pathways of the Beulah land. Her conversation was of heavenly things; her thoughts were of Christ by night and by day, and her whole home was filled with a holy atmosphere, so that, when, on that beautiful June Sabbath day, the summons came to call her away from earth, she quietly fell asleep, in the sure hope of a glorious and blissful immortality. Well may it be written of her, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." And so the passing away of those dear to us, while it fills our souls with sorrow, still brings us nearer to heaven, and makes the future a sure reality.

There may be darkness in the valley, but the light of the celestial city dispels the gloom, and looking beyond the shadows, by faith we behold our departed friend, safe forever in the presence of the Saviour whom she had so long and ardently loved. "It is well with the righteous."

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Newton, Jan. 1, 1878. H. J. WOODS.

The undersigned have, for several years, been well acquainted with and are personal friends of Henry J. Woods, the author of the above statement. We know him to be a man of unquestionable veracity, and that for years he has suffered beyond description, and his statements are true in all respects.

The Rev. S. A. Cushing was a patient of Dr. Wilson's during the entire treatment of Mr. Woods, and gladly bears witness to the Doctor's skill in the above and many other wonderful cures; and we commend him to the perfect confidence of the public.

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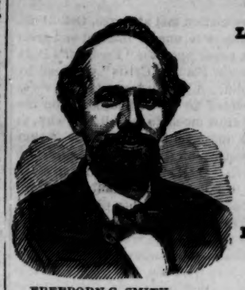

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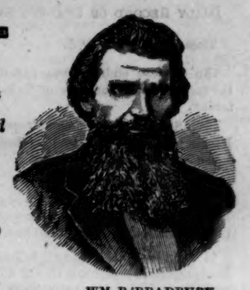

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THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, November 5.

The Chinese embassy was entertained by the mayor and authorities of Baltimore yesterday.

Dean Stanley received an address from the Baptist ministers, and took breakfast with the Episcopal clergymen, yesterday.

The British ultimatum to the Ameer of Afghanistan, requiring him to dismiss the Russian embassy and preserve a neutral attitude, was dispatched on the 2d inst.

M. Philippart, the French railroad speculator, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment "for incurring large liabilities, knowing his inability to meet them."

Wednesday, November 6.

New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Connecticut elected yesterday Republican tickets, both gubernatorial and legislative.

The Tammany candidates in New York city were overwhelmingly defeated yesterday.

The latest returns show that the Democratic majority in the next Congress will not exceed twenty.

The British cotton manufactures are much depressed; wages are being reduced, and mills are running on short time.

In the French Senate there will be a decided Republican majority — 46 out of 75.

At a meeting of the Cabinet yesterday President Hayes was requested to recommend in his message that the silver dollar be increased in weight, or else limited in circulation, in order to prevent further depreciation.

Thursday, November 7.

Dean Stanley has sailed for England.

Tidings have been received of a severe earthquake in Salvador by which several towns were destroyed, and many lives lost.

The Treasury Department has purchased 500,000 ounces of silver.

The report of General Crook indicates that the Bannocks went to war, with justice on their side.

Friday, November 8.

It is proposed to hold a conference of the Great Powers to revise the Treaty of Berlin.

General Pope's annual report presents figures to show that the Cheyennes were starved into their revolt.

The body of A. T. Stewart was stolen yesterday from the family vault in St. Mark's church-yard, New York.

Another secret treaty between England and Austria has been disclosed.

Saturday, November 9.

Heavy snowfalls in Northern and Eastern Europe are reported.

The subscriptions in Glasgow to the fund for the relief of impoverished shareholders in the City of Glasgow bank have reached $150,000.

The British ship Fifeshire has been lost between Madras and Liverpool; twenty-two of the crew were drowned.

Judge Hilton, by the direction of Mrs. Stewart, has offered $25,000 for the recovery of Mr. Stewart's body and the conviction of the robbers.

Monday, No[illegible]er 11.

The Paris Exp[illegible] noon.

A disastrous fir[illegible] urday morning. [illegible] cottages were de[illegible] $400,000.

There was a $12[illegible] N. Y., Saturday nigh[illegible]

At the inauguratio[illegible] London on Saturday, [illegible] participated, and at the b[illegible] reviewing the Eastern [illegible]

Preachers' Meeting at Searsmont, Me.

The Rockland District Ministerial Association met at Searsmont, Oct. 14–16. The opening sermon was preached on Monday evening, by Rev. G. Pratt. Tuesday morning, at the close of a season of praise and prayer, the meeting was called to order by the pastor of the Church, E. R. Boynton. G. Pratt was elected chairman, and W. H. Williams, secretary.

The following subjects were introduced during the two days in which the meetings were held: "The meetings of the Association — when and where shall they be held?" After a prolonged discussion, it was voted to hold two meetings of the Association annually, instead of three — one in the month of February, the other in October. "Future punishment — nature and duration," introduced by G. Pratt, became the theme of a prolonged and interesting discussion, in which most of the brethren participated. "What part ought the pastor to have in the Sabbath-school?" was introduced by S. H. Beale; "Intermediate State," by G. W. Hudson. This topic awakened an unusual degree of interest and a lengthy discussion, which will probably be resumed at the next meeting of the Association, when a review of Prof. Townsend's work on the subject is to be presented. W. B. Eldridge introduced the "Scripture view of beneficence," in a carefully-prepared essay. "Infant baptism — its claims — the pastor's duty," was introduced by A. Church, and freely discussed, the brethren being, for the most part, of one mind, that the subject ought to receive from the pastor a greater degree of attention.

In addition to the opening sermon, others were preached as follows: Rev. A. Church, 2 Cor. iv, 7; Rev. W. B. Eldridge, Psalm cxxii, 6; and Rev. C. E. Springer, whose sermon was delivered after we left, and the subject of which has not reached us. The principal defect in the meeting was the absence of written papers, some of the brethren misunderstanding the design of the committee in the arrangement of the programme.

[illegible] t meeting is to be held in [illegible] t Camden. The programme [illegible] will be forwarded on re[illegible] hemes of sermons from the [illegible] ointed to preach, which it [illegible] uld be published with the [illegible]

7. H. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

VERMONT.

MONTPELIER DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.

This association met at Barre, Oct. 21–23. The session was one of interest and great profit. A paper upon the "Preacher's Duty in the Present Political Crisis" was read by C. P. Taplin. A very interesting paper was also presented by J. O. Sherburne on the subject, "How much do we fail, and why, to reach the most cultivated?" The writer showed that we do not fail in this direction as a Church. O. M. Boutwell read an essay upon the "Best Method of taking Benevolent Collections. "The other papers and exercises were good. A talk by our Presiding Elder upon "How shall we make our quarterly meetings most successful?" impressed the preachers with the importance of this Methodist institution, and the necessity of carrying out the "old-fashioned" plan.

The reports from the Churches show a good degree of prosperity. Most of the charges are in a prosperous condition. On some the work is steadily deepening.

J. W. NEWTON.

The Church at St. Johnsbury propose to sell their parsonage with a view of erecting a new one on their church lot. An excellent place.

The quarterly meeting at North Thetford, Nov. 3, was an occasion of much interest. The services were conducted by the pastor, who preached an able and appropriate discourse from the words, "Do this in remembrance of Me." One person was baptized.

Mrs. Tyler E. Parker, of Lyndonville, an excellent Christian lady and a teacher in the Sunday-school, died Oct. 25th of paralysis, at the age of 38 years. The funeral services were attended by a large concourse of people, Elder Cushing preaching a sermon upon the words, "I would not live alway."

Commendable pains have been taken by the people of North Thetford, during the past summer, to decorate their church each Sunday with fresh and beautiful flowers.

No one ever accused Elder Cushing of being behindhand, but we are gratified to note the pleasant fact that he has just been presented with a valuable new watch and chain by Lyndonville friends.

The money for the building of the new chapel at Lyndonville was all raised in one day, and the building was erected with remarkable quickness. The Passumpsic Railroad gave the building lot. Several local preachers have given the society one or more days' preaching service. A. B. H.

Troy Conference Items.

Rev. H. C. Sexton, Grace Church, Albany, has decided to go to Southern California to reside for his health. He has had several attacks of hemorrhage since Conference, and has had to discontinue pulpit work. He is disposing of his library, and will remove as soon as possible.

Round Lake has been prosperous this year financially, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. The mineral water is becoming popular, and large quantities are shipped daily to various sections of the country. The Saratoga Church was presented with $200 and a beautiful clock by the Unitarians who held their recent Conference in the church. This was very generous, as they only occupied it one day and two evenings. R.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1878.

	bid.	asked
U. S. 6s, 1881, regis'd Jan. & July 1st	108¾	108⅞
" 6s, 1881, coupon, Jan. & July 1st	108⅝	108⅞
" 5.20s, 1865, regis'd,* " "	103¼	103¾
" 5.20s, 1865, coupon,* " "	103¼	103¾
" 5.20s, 1867, regis'd, " "	106⅜	106⅝
" 5.20s, 1867, coupon, " "	106⅜	106⅝
" 5.20s, 1868, regis'd, " "	108	108½
" 5.20s, 1868, coupon, " "	108⅝	109
" 5s, 10-40s, regis'd, Mar. & Sept.	107¼	107½
" 5s, 10-40s, coupon, " "	107¼	107¾
" 5s, 1881, new, r. Feb. May, Aug. Nov.	105⅝	105⅞
" 5s, 1881, new, c. " " " "	105⅝	105¾
" 4½s, 1891, r. Mar. June, Sept. Dec.	104½	104¾
" 4½s, 1891 cou. " " " "	104½	104¾
" 4s, 1907, r. July, Oct., Jan., April	100¼	100½
" 4s, 1907, cou. " " " "	100¼	100½
" 6s, 1886, cur'y, January and July	121½	121¾
" Called bonds, 1023¼		
Gold	104⅛	

U. S. Bonds Flat. *Not Called.

Revere National Bank	98½
Maverick National Bank	140¼
Second National Bank	131¼
Shawmut National Bank	101
Mechanics' National Bank	119¾
Massachusetts National Bank	104¼
Boylston National Bank	102¾
Freeman's National Bank	90¾
Shoe and Leather National Bank	100½
State National Bank	110¼
Faneuil Hall National Bank	123¼
Mt. Vernon National Bank	8¾
National Hide and Leather Bank	102
Merchandise National Bank	87½
Elliot National Bank	95½
Market National Bank	90¼
Suffolk National Bank	107
Tremont National Bank	101¾
Blackstone National Bank	90¼
National Bank Commerce	80
National Bank North America	96
Naumkeag Cotton Mills	75¼
Lowell Manuf'g Co.	537½
York Manuf'g Co.	1102½
Amoskeag Manuf'g Co.	1552½
Dwight Manuf'g Co.	425
Cambridge R. R.	112¾
Highland Horse R. R.	103¾
Middlesex Horse R. R.	99
Nashua & Lowell R. R.	106¾
Pueblo and Arkansas Valley R. R.	63
Michigan Central R. R.	69
Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain R. R. Pref'd	63
Boston & Lowell R. R.	76¾
Metropolitan Horse R. R.	58¾
Atch. Top. & Santa Fe R. R.	85
Boston & Albany R. R.	126
Boston & Maine R. R.	106
Old Colony R. R.	94¼
Cheshire R. R.	28
Boston & Providence R. R.	105
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.	111¾
Worcester & Nashua R. R.	30
Northern N. H. R. R.	91¼
Burlington & Missouri R. R. in Nebs.	113
Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore R. R.	64¼
Eastern R. R.	13¾
Fitchburg R. R.	122¾
Vermont & Massachusetts R. R.	112
Kansas City, Top. & Western R. R.	90¾
Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain, Com.	14¾
Portland, Saco & Portsmouth R. R.	88
Atch. Top. & Santa Fe R. R. 1st mort. 7s	107¾
" " 2d " 7s	108¾
" " Land Grant 7s	106¾
U. P. Sink'g Fund 8s	100⅞
Boston, Hartford & Erie R. R. 7s	29¼
Eastern R. R. 3¾s	71½
Union Pacific R. R. 1st mort. 6s	104¾
Union Pacific R. R. 7s	106⅜

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